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Gentlemen will find it relieves the irritation of the skin caused by shaving.

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BECAUSE they embody many little methods of reducing wear and ensuring adjustment not found in other roller skates.

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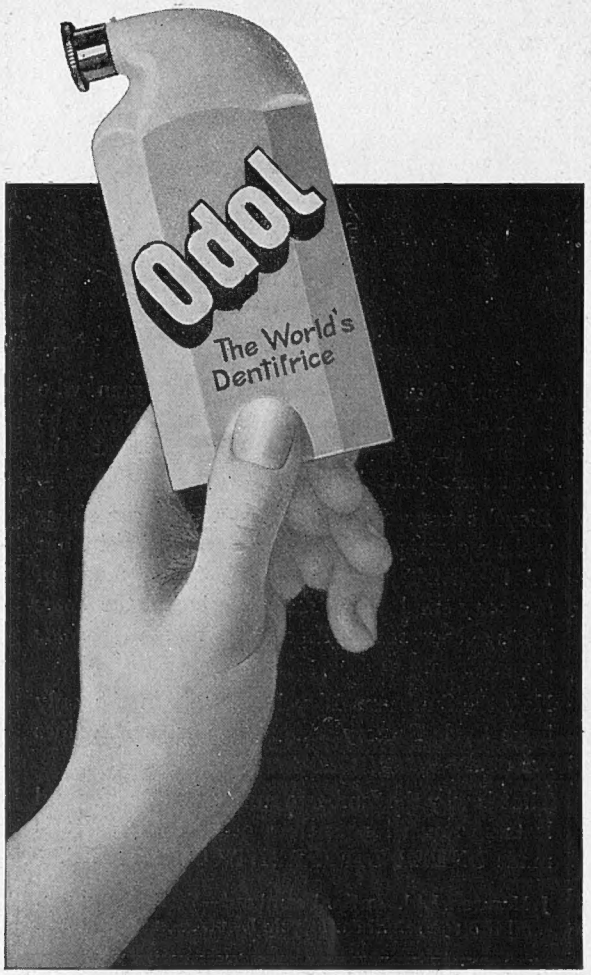

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their
LATEST
and
SPECIAL CREATIONS
for the
EARLY SPRING
which, with other original designs in
DRESSES, TAILOR GOWNS,
JACKETS, BLOUSES,
LINGERIE, CORSETS,
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are now on view at their
SALONS,
the honour of a visit to which would be esteemed.

For the protection of their Clientèle, notice is hereby given that the waist-bands of all models issued during the coming Season will bear a facsimile signature, "PAQUIN," woven in bronze-green letters on a white ground

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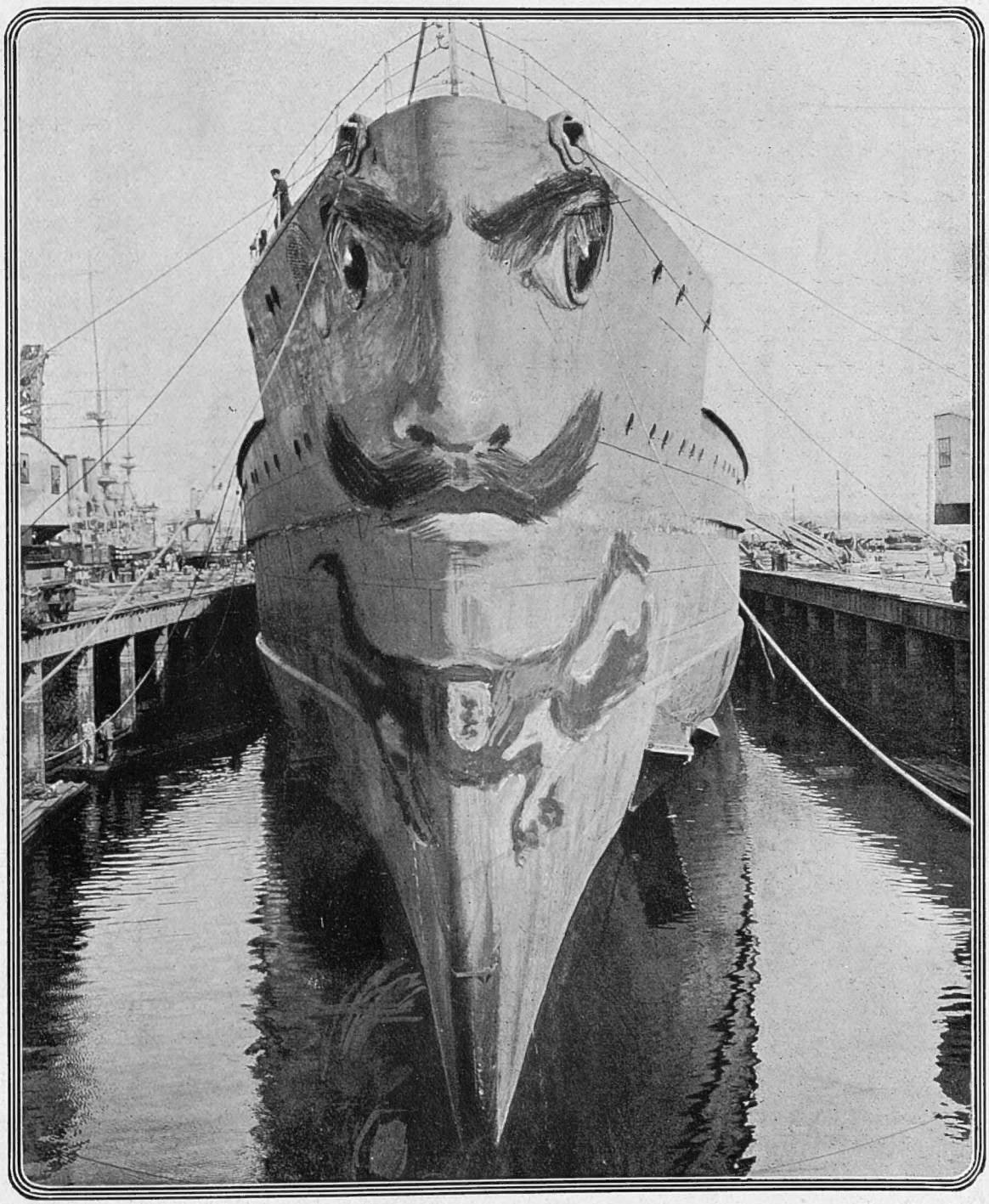
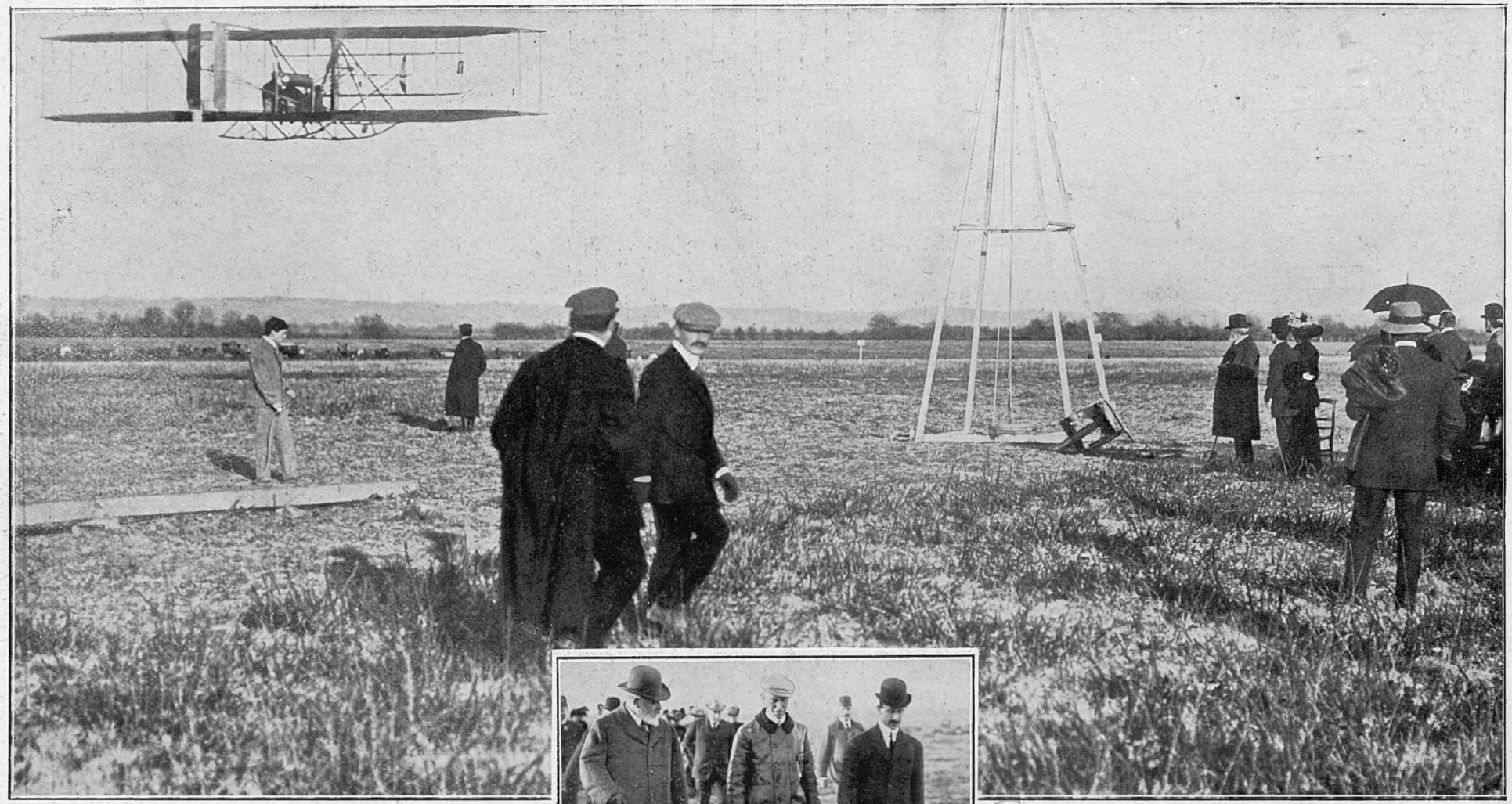


THE ENGLISHMAN'S NIGHTMARE

"Hush! hush! hush! here comes the Bogey man,
His head upon a Dreadnought, he'll get you if he can"

The Flights of Wright—A Pretty Sight to Set Before the King



THE KING

THE KING MR. WILBUR WRIGHT MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT

At Pau, last Wednesday, the King witnessed Mr. Wilbur Wright make two flights in his aeroplane. These flights are considered the finest Mr. Wright has ever made in regard to speed and accuracy. Going up, at first alone, he went through some perfectly wonderful evolutions. His sister accompanied him upon his second ascent, when he remained thirteen minutes in the air. King Edward, to whom Mr. Wright explained the intricate mechanism, was most interested in the preparations for the ascent. "Was it not lovely?" was his Majesty's remark to Miss Wright, after her brother's record flight.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Naval Crisis—A Question

The naval scare—a real one this time—has blackened the topical perspective of the week, and positively dazed the national intellect. The amiable Teuton has been exposed as a juggler. Having rolled up his sleeves, exposed his palms, and assured us that there was "positively no deception" as to their essential emptiness, he has suddenly conjured out of nowhere four *Dreadnoughts*. The gasping British Government, with a sickly smile, has confessed itself deceived. Circumscribing itself with a multitude of "ifs" and "whens," it has declared its intention to do its very best to cope with the situation. The question which most people are asking is: When did the Government really come into possession of the sensational information which Mr. Asquith disclosed last week?

* * *

Traitors in the Cabinet?

When Mr. Asquith says, from his place in the House of Commons, that he knew all about it last November, it is necessary to accept the statement. But if the knowledge were official, and conveyed direct to the Cabinet, we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Asquith has as his colleagues those whom one can call nothing less emphatic than traitors. If the Government, as a whole, knew four months ago that the country was in imminent danger, what of those members of the Cabinet who deliberately intrigued with the economists to secure a reduction of the Estimates, and inspired articles in the Radical papers in support of a programme which the Prime Minister, by his own showing, knew to be incompatible with national safety?

* * *

Very Recent Revelations

What I am given authoritatively to understand is that the Cabinet only recently—within the last few weeks—came into possession of *new* information as to the rapidity of the German rate of construction. Alarming facts were, it is confidently stated by those who know, only disclosed to the Cabinet the week before last, by a gentleman prominently connected with the manufacture of armaments who had recently returned from an extensive tour in Germany, securing, in his commercial capacity, information which would not have been obtainable by an *attaché*.

The Creator of an International "Incident"

Admiral von Tirpitz, German Naval Minister, who, in the Reichstag, gave an emphatic denial to the statements of the British Premier and First Lord regarding the secret *Dreadnoughts*. This denial led to an expression of "surprise" on the part of Mr. Asquith

* * *

The Fact to be Faced

This, however, is a side issue. The fact to be faced is that, whether four years hence or eight years hence, this country will be in danger of losing not only command of the seas, but even equality with one rival. It is officially announced by Germany that "her ships are in future only to be held in readiness for the eventuality of war in home waters, and not for all possible contingencies as hitherto." Thus does Germany officially admit that a war with Great Britain (the only possible adversary in "home waters") is within her immediate purview.

* * *

Wait For War, or ——?

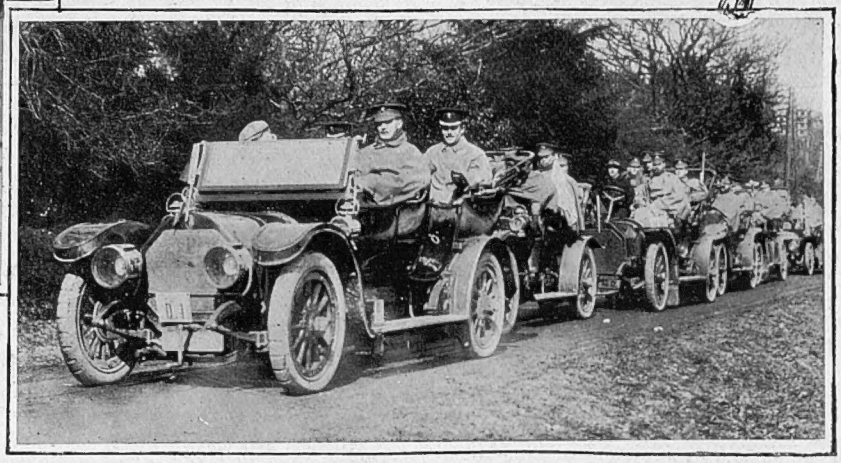
What then, in this case, is the duty of British statesmen? Obviously, to be watchful; to watch our North Sea as closely as, in 1870, the Germans, with one eye half-closed, watched their Rhine. That our statesmen should follow this precedent too closely is not, however, to be suggested. We have no Bismarck here to concoct an "Ems telegram," to secure a declaration of war by the enemy at a moment advantageous to ourselves, when we are actually superior in all classes of ships. Even if we had, his blood would freeze within him at the thought of such audacity. The British ethical code precludes the provocation of wars and striking at the enemy in your own time, even though the doing of it might lead to decisive victory where a policy of waiting might bring annihilation.

— THE —

Motor Transport Test

WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN A LITTLE MORE INSTRUCTIVE IF A LITTLE LESS ENJOYABLE

Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, Congratulating Officers on the Success of the Run



On the Road near Tonbridge

Tommy Atkins enjoyed the second Battle of Hastings hugely. It is not often that the British Army has a day at the seaside

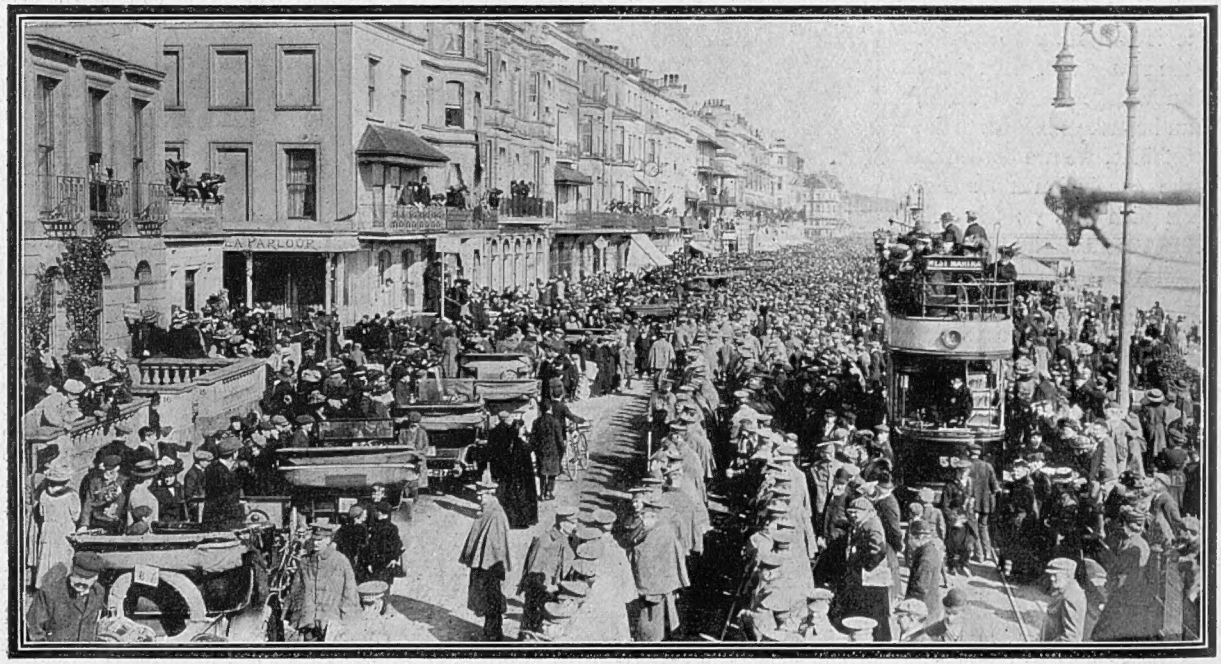
A "Record" in Mobilisation

The experiment last week of transporting from London to the coast, by means of motor-cars, a body of Guards 1,000 strong, together with stores, was crowned with great success. The use of automobiles for the quick conveyance of men and stores to any particular point on the coast is, without doubt, an excellent idea, and the motor-car has many advantages over the railway in this respect.

* * *

A Carefully Prepared Emergency

The idea, however, was first mooted about a fortnight previous to its being carried out, and it is surely absurd to call an "emergency rush" of military to the coast in three hours a signal success in mobilisation if the "emergency rush" is planned ten or fifteen days previously! The actual carrying out of the run reflects great credit on the organisers of the scheme, and many useful lessons will, no doubt, have been learned from the experiment, but it is obvious that some arrangement is necessary for the quick mobilisation at a given centre of a large number of cars in a certain time. A further experiment on the same lines as last week's run, but without any previous arrangement with car-owners other than a few hours' notice, would be, indeed, something to congratulate ourselves upon. If so long a time be necessary in which to concentrate a body of men to frustrate an invading army, then the "invading army" will probably have time to picnic in the London suburbs long before the "record rush" to the coast is begun.



The Guards' Rush to Hastings: The Scene on the Front

The shade of William the Conqueror failed to materialise, but the fairer portion of the inhabitants of Hastings had a happy day applauding the gallant Grenadier, Scots, and Coldstream Guards. Only a real invasion could have added to the delights of this novel experiment

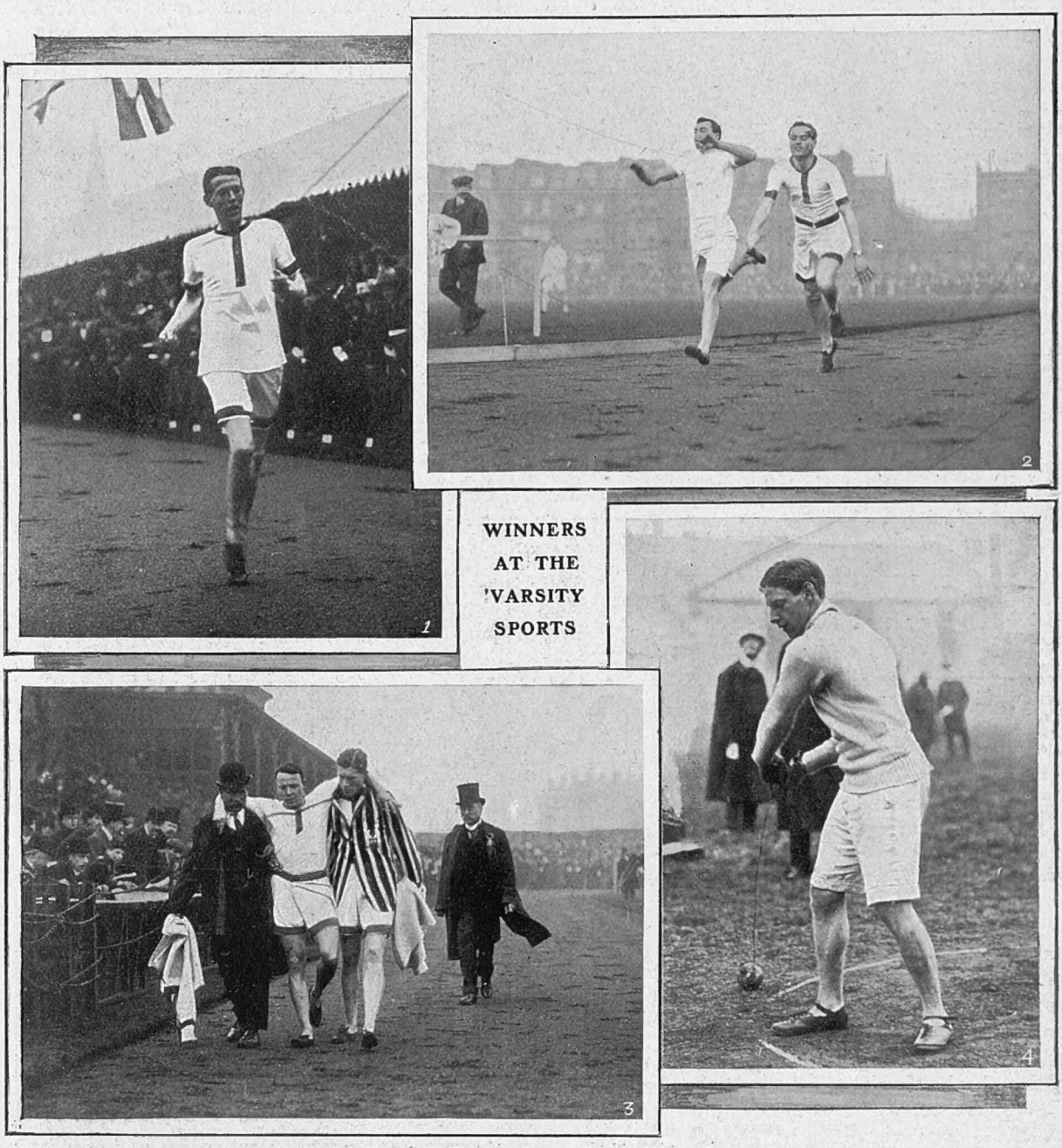
Hastings Receives Its Relievers

AND FINDS THIS SORT OF "BATTLE" ENTIRELY TO ITS LIKING

The "experiment in mechanical transport," as the Guards' dash to Hastings last Wednesday in motor-cars was officially styled, was a complete success, and reflected great credit on the organising ability of the Automobile Association. Over four hundred cars took the road at 9 a.m., and only four failed to reach the destination before 2 o'clock. Hastings was bathed in delicious sunshine, and vast crowds gave the troops a rousing welcome

The Oxford and Cambridge Sports

The 'Varsity Sports, if held at a more propitious season of the year, might very well be as fashionable a function as the cricket match at Lord's. March is a mad, miserable month, and there is no point in holding these sports on a Friday, unless they immediately precede the boat-race. So that I was not surprised at the comparatively small numbers who witnessed one of the most exciting and interesting contests of recent years. For



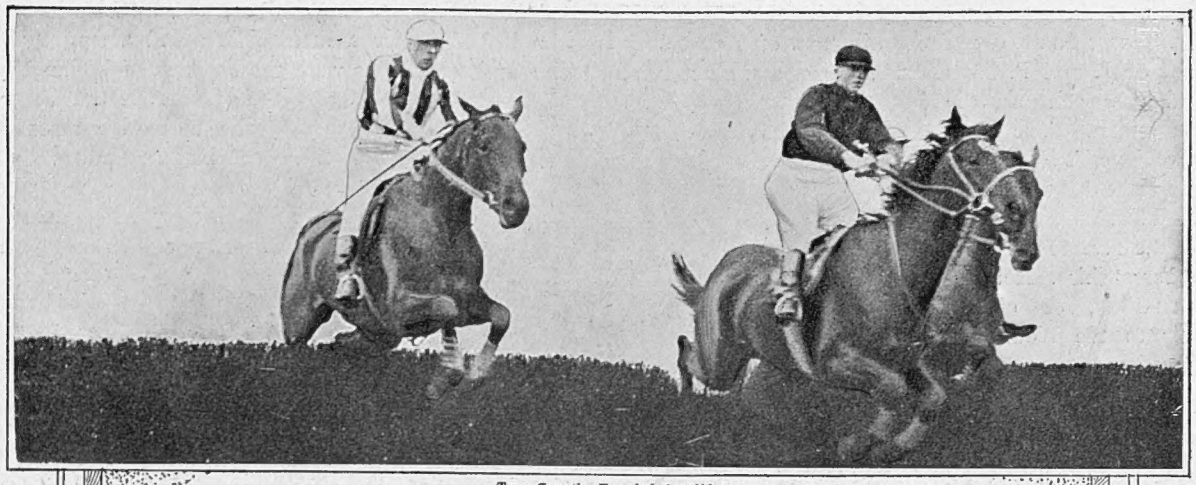
Oxford Win by Six Events to Four at Queen's Club on Friday

(1) A. M. Brown (Oriel, Oxford) winning the three miles. (2) P. Stormonth-Darling (New College, Oxford) just winning the half-mile. (3) L. C. Hull (Brasenose, Oxford) coming in lame after winning the quarter-mile. (4) R. H. Lindsay-Watson (Trinity, Cambridge) creates a fresh record (148ft. 10in.) in the hammer

Oxford may literally be said to have won by six inches, seeing that if Darling (Oxford) had not beaten Just (Cambridge) in the half-mile by this narrow margin, the result would have been a tie. The salient features of the day, other than the thrilling finish of the half-mile already referred to, were Lindsay-Watson's (Cambridge) hammer-throw of 148ft. 10in., which constitutes a 'Varsity record; Bellerby's (Cambridge) acrobatic high-jump—his 5ft. 11⅛in. ranks second only to the 6ft. 2½in. of the immortal Brooks in 1876—and the wonderfully easy style of Brown, the winner of the three miles. He is a freshman, and it may prove that Oxford has in him as great a distance runner as Cambridge once had in F. S. Horan. Another promising freshman is Baker, who won the mile for Cambridge by stealing a march on Hallows, who, besides being none too well served by his pace-makers, seemed to have lost some of his form. Perhaps he was not quite fit. Hull got away very smartly in the hundred, which he won quite easily for Oxford, and supplemented this with a win in the quarter, notwithstanding the fact that he wrenched his foot badly at the first bend; while Anderson (Oxford) jumped very neatly in the hurdles.

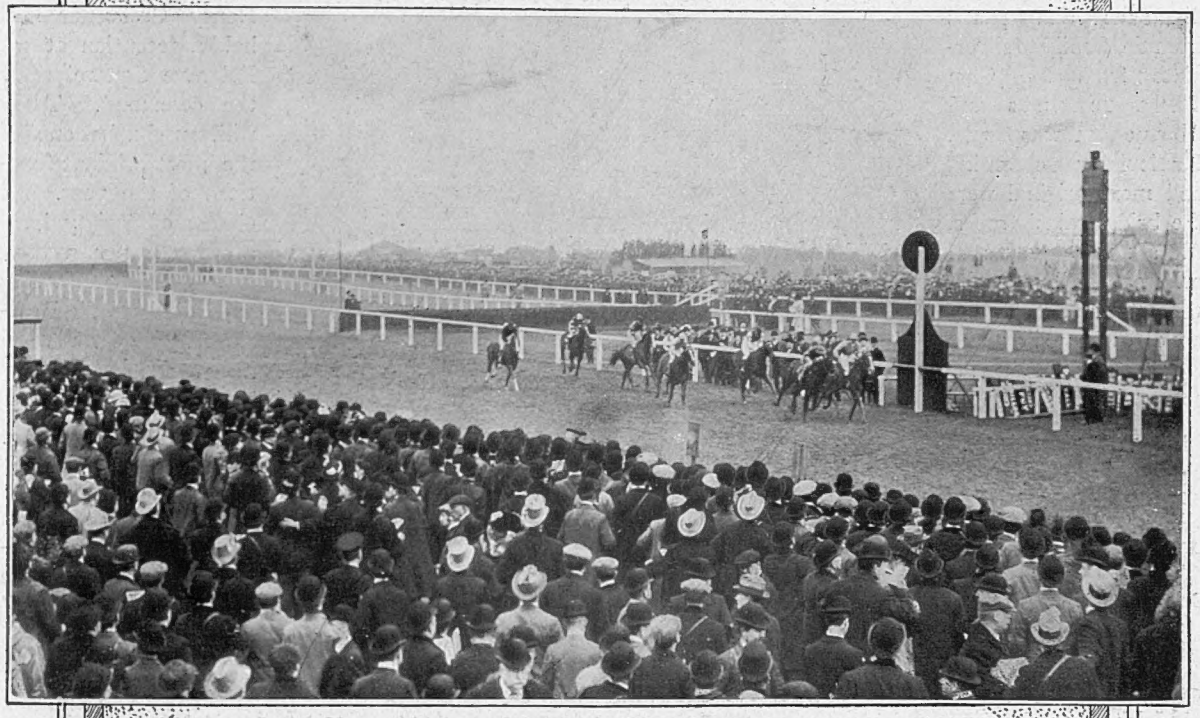
In View of the Grand National

SOME PROMINENT RUNNERS IN, AND THE SCENE OF, THE WORLD'S GREATEST STEEPLECHASE

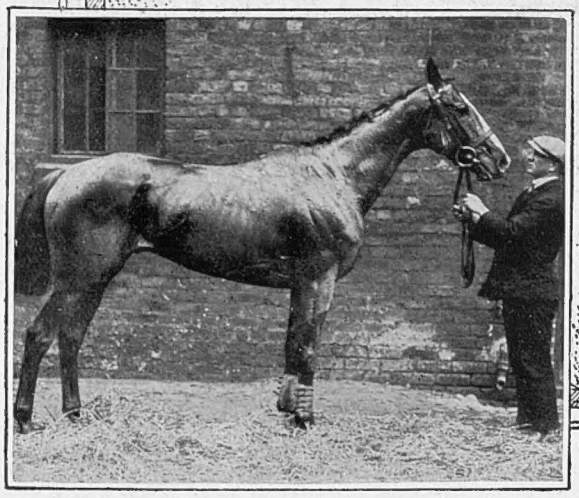


Two Greatly Fancied Candidates

On the left, Mattie Macgregor ("Carbine's" selection), who ran second to Rubio last year, and Tom West



A View of the Course at Aintree



Rubio, Last Year's Winner

He was looked upon as quite an outsider—the odds offered against him being 66 to 1

Ascetic's Silver, the Winner in 1906

The Great Steeplechase to be run on Friday will, no doubt, attract the usual enormous gathering to Aintree

The Wellesley-Coats Wedding

The Douro wedding has been one of the most interesting events of the week. Her ladyship, *née* Miss Maud Coats, is the younger daughter of Mr. George Coats, one of the directors of the wealthy firm of J. and P. Coats, Ltd., cotton manufacturers, and a very enthusiastic sportsman. The new Marchioness's elder sister married the Hon. W. L. C. Walrond, M.P. for the Tiverton Division of Devonshire. Her husband is, of course, heir to the Wellington dukedom.

* * *

Original Frocks

The wedding presents were particularly magnificent, ranging from diamonds and pearls from the family to silver-plate from the Glen Tana tenants and Aboyne townspeople. Particularly charming and most original were the bridesmaids' frocks. All six wore gowns of primrose-yellow satin, with stoles of silver net and embroidery. The hats were primrose-coloured, and each carried a bouquet of tulips. The bridegroom's gifts to these charming acolytes took the form of large diamond and sapphire brooches.

* * *

St. Patrick's Day at Devonshire House

A very large sum of money was raised at the two days' sale of Irish manufactures which opened on St. Patrick's Day at Devonshire House. There was a record attendance on both days, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire must feel well repaid for their kindness in lending their magnificent mansion. The rooms were so crowded that it occurred to me, as I struggled to reach Lady Dudley's stall of really beautifully embroidered photograph frames, that a higher price of admission might very well have been charged.

* * *

The Duchess's Speech

Quite a perfect little speech in its way was made by the Duchess in declaring the exhibition open, and the Duke showed obvious pride in his wife's oratorical talent. She wore a mole-coloured costume, which suited her admirably, with a great cluster of red roses at her waist. Everyone was glad to see Lady Lansdowne, who looked in for a little while; and among those who made purchases were the Duchess of Wellington and Mrs. George Coats, the respective mothers of bridegroom and bride at Tuesday's smart wedding at St. George's.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Maud Coats

Daughter of Mr. George Coats, who was married yesterday (Tuesday) at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the Marquis Douro, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Wellington

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire

Who threw open Devonshire House to the public on St. Patrick's Day for an exhibition of Irish Industries

* * *

The Dalmeny Wedding

I see that Lord Dalmeny's wedding to Miss Dorothy Grosvenor is to take place on Thursday, April 15, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Lord Henry Grosvenor will hold a reception at 13, Belgrave Square after the ceremony. This will, surely, be one of the most brilliant functions of the year. All classes of Society have a warm corner in their hearts for the dashing young heir to the Rosebery earldom. The Oval crowd idolises him. When he gets within hearing distance of the ring, the Kennington sportsmen shout out the names of the afternoon's "winners" to him, and he is earnestly adjured to "set 'em alight" when his square, stalwart figure emerges from the pavilion. And "set 'em alight" he usually does.

* * *

A Curious Cure

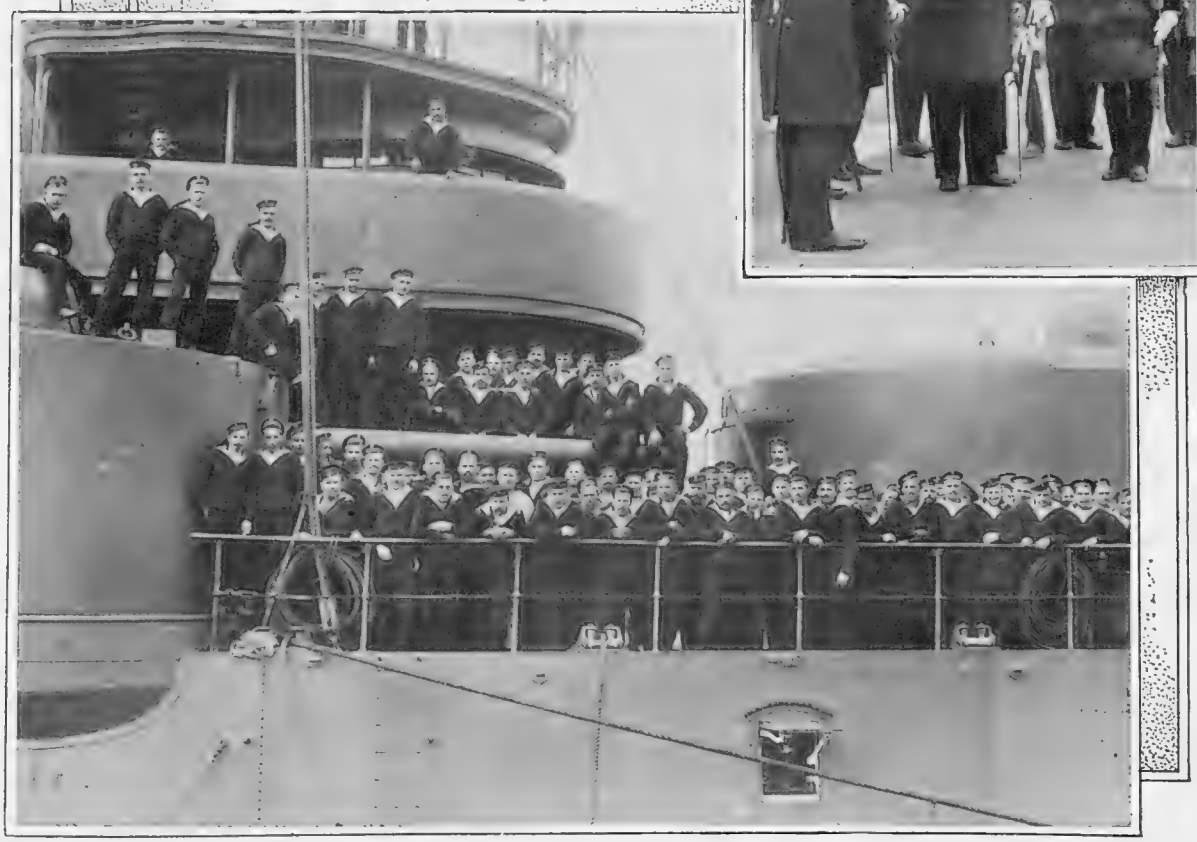
Influenza, this year, is of a tiresome type. A well-known Society woman, one of excitable and nervous temperament, was laid low with it about a fortnight ago, and suffered perfect agonies in her head, with a high temperature that would *not* go down. Whilst she was, apparently, in a parlous state, and utterly unfit even to leave her room, her doctor wrapped her up in a blanket, called for her brougham, and sent her out for a drive with both windows wide open. After half an hour she was conveyed home. The fresh air had "touched the spot," and the so obstinate pain had vanished like magic.

While We Discuss the One-Power Standard

A RUSSIAN SQUADRON VISITS ENGLAND

The Russian Flagship, "Tsarevitch," entering Portsmouth Harbour
Besides the "Tsarevitch," the squadron consists of the battleship "Slava" and the cruisers "Oleg," "Admiral Makaroff," and "Bogatyr"

When the Band Played the National Anthem
Major-General J. K. Trotter, Commanding Southern Coast Defences (on the right), and Rear-Admiral Litvinoff (in command of the squadron) (centre), saluting



Russian Bluejackets on the Main Deck of the "Tsarevitch"
The sailors were keenly interested in the scenes on the jetty and the boatloads of visitors pulling round the battleships. On Wednesday last contingents from each vessel visited London, where they were heartily received and well entertained

The New Lord Hardwicke

The late Earl of Hardwicke was for many years in the Navy, from which he retired with the rank of captain. He was never very prominent in the House of Lords debates, contenting himself with occasionally asking questions which showed that his chief interest was still the welfare of the seamen with whom he served so long. The new peer, formerly Viscount Royston, is in his fortieth year, and is very keen on motoring and aeronautics. He is a lieutenant in the Army Motor Reserve.

* * *

Lord Minto's Energy

Outdoor sport fills up the best part of the Calcutta day just now, and there is no one in the capital keener than Lord Minto. A couple of hours after Lady Minto's brilliant fancy-dress ball, "A Pagal Nautch," he was in the saddle and off to the Paperchase Meet. It was a great day for the Aides-de-Camp, Captain Holden, Captain Lord Francis Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and Lieut. J. E. Gibbs all winning prizes. Government House rather fancies its sporting prowess just now.

* * *

To Provide Mr. Roosevelt with Big-Game Shooting in Africa

Mr. Roosevelt's host for the first five or six months of his stay on the African continent will be Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bart., of Pinchingthorpe Hall, Yorks. He has left England in readiness to receive the ex-President and his distinguished party at Nairobi, East Africa, in the neighbourhood of which is situated his estate of 6,000 acres, a portion of which is devoted to

ostrich-farming. Sir Alfred Pease is a well-known sportsman as well as a big-game shooter, and when at home regularly follows the Cleveland Foxhounds. He has made expeditions for big-game shooting to Asia Minor in 1891; Algeria, Tunis, and the Sahara in 1892, 1893, 1894, and 1898; Somaliland in 1895, 1896, and 1897; and Abyssinia in 1900 and 1901, and the Lower Soudan in 1906. He is no stranger to politics, for he shared with the late Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., the representation of the City of York, 1885-1893, and later sat for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire 1897-1903. Sir Alfred takes a great interest in horse-breeding, especially in the improvement of the Cleveland bay.

Photo *Stadwell-Clerke*

The Earl of Hardwicke

Who succeeded to the title on the death of his father on the 13th inst. He is very keen on motoring and aeronautics

Calcutta Light Horse Sports: A Race on the Maidan Course, in the Centre of the City

One of the most successful outdoor events of the Calcutta season. We depict above a stage of the Dismounted Service Race. Other events were the Maidan Stakes and the Victoria Cross Race. The Viceroy and Lady Minto were present

Photo *S. Wood*

Sir Alfred Pease, Bart.

Who, at Nairobi, will be Mr. Roosevelt's host for the first few months of his stay in Africa

* * *

Street-Souls

Everything old has a soul, especially old trees, old wine, and old books. Mr. Archibald Sullivan has now discovered the street-soul. This week I publish the first of a series of songs from his pen dealing with the characteristics of London streets. It is a charming idea, and Mr. Sullivan has carried it out with characteristic grace. Next week we are to peer into the chinks and crannies of the soul of Harley Street. Fleet Street and Piccadilly are to follow.

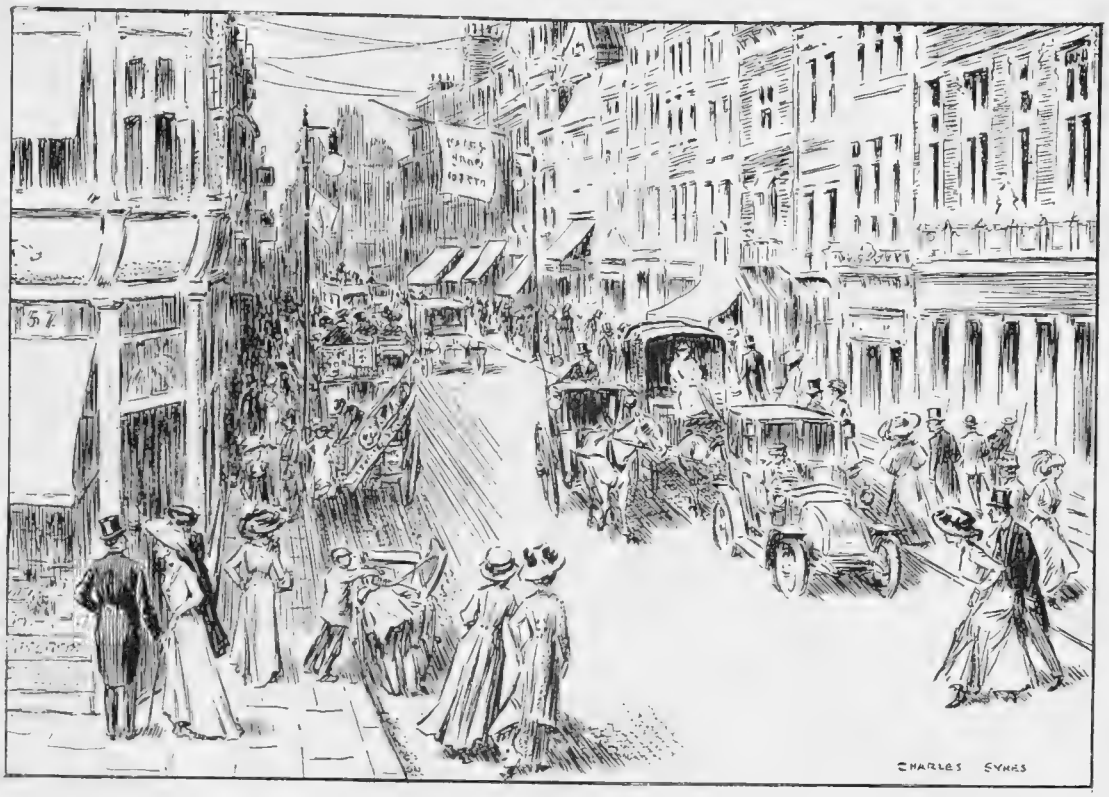
* * *

Mortal Covent Garden

Has not the Elephant and Castle a soul, Mr. Sullivan? And is there no hope of immortality for Camberwell Green or Greek Street, Soho? Covent Garden Market, I agree, you cannot possibly include. True, one only smells it as a rule, or catches a fleeting glimpse as one climbs into a taxi on the morrow of a fancy-dress ball, but there is a stale laugh in the sound of it, a bleary grimace in the panorama of the letters that compose its name. Age has withered its variety.

"Songs of the Streets"

— No. I —



BOND STREET

Have you seen the ships in Bond Street
On that petticoated tide
Drop anchor in the Port o' Shops
Whose harbour's open wide?
Have you heard their bangles rattle,
Or the song each ruffle sings —
As they gather in their cargoes
Of a hundred thousand things?

Have you seen the Ships in Bond Street
How they tack across the way,
And follow out the steady chart
They steered by yesterday?
Their reefs are marked "We sell for cash,"
Their rocks "No credit please" —
But oh how many Lady Ships
Are wreck'd upon the seas!

Oh the Lady Ships in Bond Street
Are a supercilious lot!
If they look a coaling vessel
Or are painted like a yacht,
Their cruising orders are the same —
Each veil that flutters high
Is just a signal in the code
Of "We are out to buy."

Oh the Lady Ships in Bond Street —
Some in dry dock have to go,
When the golden tide of ready wealth
Is ebbing fast and low;
With Economy as Pilot
Who is stern and cold and dumb,
And Privation as the Skipper
That they take their orders from.

Archibald Sullivan

Next Week No. 2—Harley Street

Random Jottings

Meteorological Note.—An apparatus for dispersing fog is to be tried in the House of Commons at an early date.

* * *

Before the Whisky Commission an expert, speaking with feeling, explained that the quantity and alcoholic strength of brandy diminished with age. And how true it all is! The stuff simply won't keep—even butlers know it!

* * *

Advertising yet another "great invasion story," a contemporary says it has "no descriptions of horrible slaughter and great battles. It tells you exactly what will happen to you when the invaders come." Nothing dreadful about *that*, goodness knows! Look at that amusing little farce, *An Englishman's Home*!

* * *

From the "Daily Express."—"There is no doubt that many girls who would fail dismally as teachers of the higher mathematics have a natural gift for the care of little children." Sad, but indisputable! And how many young women who would be comparatively inefficient as Arctic explorers are yet fitted to be milliners' models!

* * *

It is argued that florins and half-crowns are superfluous coins. Persons finding them useless are requested to forward them to this office, packed free from observation, addressed "The Editor—Private," who will make an effort to turn them to some serviceable purpose.

* * *

From the "Evening News."—"Out of every hundred patients fourteen died. The two starred selections represent the over-night double." Did the two patients starred as favourites die, and, even if they did, is it humane to frighten invalids like this?

* * *

Complaining of his head, a man in Paris threw himself out of a second-storey window. He probably complained still more of his head after alighting.

"Forgotten Fights," a new book on heavy-weight championships, does not include the Burns *v.* Johnson contest. Burns remembers it distinctly.

* * *

When the invasion comes, says a Member of Parliament, our Territorials will be found at work in insurance offices. If half of *An Englishman's Home* is true, they will have some work in insurance offices afterwards.

* * *

Obiter Dicta of Our Great Speakers

"A weak Army and Navy mean a defenceless country."—Mr. A.st.n Ch.mb.rl..n.

"Give a starving man food, and he will only demand it again next day."—Lord L.nsd..ne.

"A prime cause of unemployment is the systematic driving away of work to foreign countries."—Mr. B.lf..r.

"Too small an expenditure on ammunition is a danger; too large is a waste."—Mr. H.ld.ne.

"Women are of the same race as men."—Mrs. P.nkh.rst.

* * *

When Chinese engineers find it difficult to bridge a river they build the bridge on dry land and divert the course of the river under it. So the *Times* tells us. We English do better. A firm of contractors supplying New Zealand with railway engines was informed by wire that their engines were too small for the New Zealand bridges. They wired back to ask if the bridges could be altered!

Lady: "Oh! Porter, doesn't that train stop at this station?"
Porter (*proud of the line and of the 4.40 express*): "No lady. It don't even 'esitate"

* * *

Among recent advertisements we notice "Lodgings wanted with Widow Lady, or similar." We presume that something of the nature of a deceased wife's sister is intended. Another, viz., "Girls wanted for bottling" has an unpleasant flavour of Chicago about it.

* * *

From Our Own Representative.—At the annual dinner last night of the Amalgamated Burglars' Association a unanimous vote was secured, approving of the system of open-air bedrooms for invalids.

Nature Note—March

"ROOKS FOLLOWING THE PLOUGH"

BY YORICK

Why Not Defend Our Homes By Law?

PROPOSED NEW WEAPON WITH WHICH TO CONFRONT THE INVADER

DEAR SIR,—I have always been under the impression that an Englishman's house was his castle, but, apparently, unless he has a uniform, this is not the case. Since seeing the patriotic play, it has occurred to me that those of your readers who do not see their way to joining the Territorials would, nevertheless, like to feel that they had *some* weapon which they could wield in defence of the home without the fear of being shot out of hand. Now, don't you think that an Agreement on the following lines, duly signed by both parties, might prove invaluable in the event of a raid?—

This Endenture made the ..... day of ..... one thousand ..... between H.R.H. PRINCE NOLAND, commander in chief of the forces of the Empress of the North (hereinafter called the AGGRESSOR), of the one part and JOHN SMITH, of "The Follies," Brentwood, in the county of Essex, gentleman (hereinafter called the AGGRESSEE), of the other part.

Witnesseth that in consideration of any damage that may be done by shells, bullets, shrapnel, fire, water, airships or any other such agency, contrivance or machine of the said Aggressor to all or any part of that messuage or tenement known as "The Follies," the said Aggressor shall make good all such damage at his own proper expense. **And** further the Aggressor hereby covenants with the Aggressee as follows:—

To keep and leave the garden in front and rear in proper order, to fill in all trenches when done with, not to shoot civilians without uniform on the lawn or any part thereof, not to hang up clothes or linen to dry or to beat carpets or to permit anything that may be objectionable to the Aggressee.

Not to assign the premises or any part thereof for the purpose of quartering troops therein without the previous consent in writing of the Aggressee, but such consent shall not unreasonably or vexatiously be withheld.

Not to exhibit any bill or placard on or about the said premises intimating that any part thereof is in the occupation of the Aggressor.

Not to fire any lethal weapon from the windows or other apertures of the said tenement between the hours of 9 p.m. and 8 a.m. on week-days and during the hours of Church Service on Sundays.

To allow the Aggressee to come and go about his ordinary business on parole and to afford him all reasonable facilities, safe conducts and escorts to and from the station when requested.

On the conclusion of hostilities the Aggressor to paint all wood and ironwork requiring it three coats common oil colour, twice distemper ceilings, repair all broken glass, scrub all floors and leave the premises in clean, sound and good condition (fair wear and tear excepted).

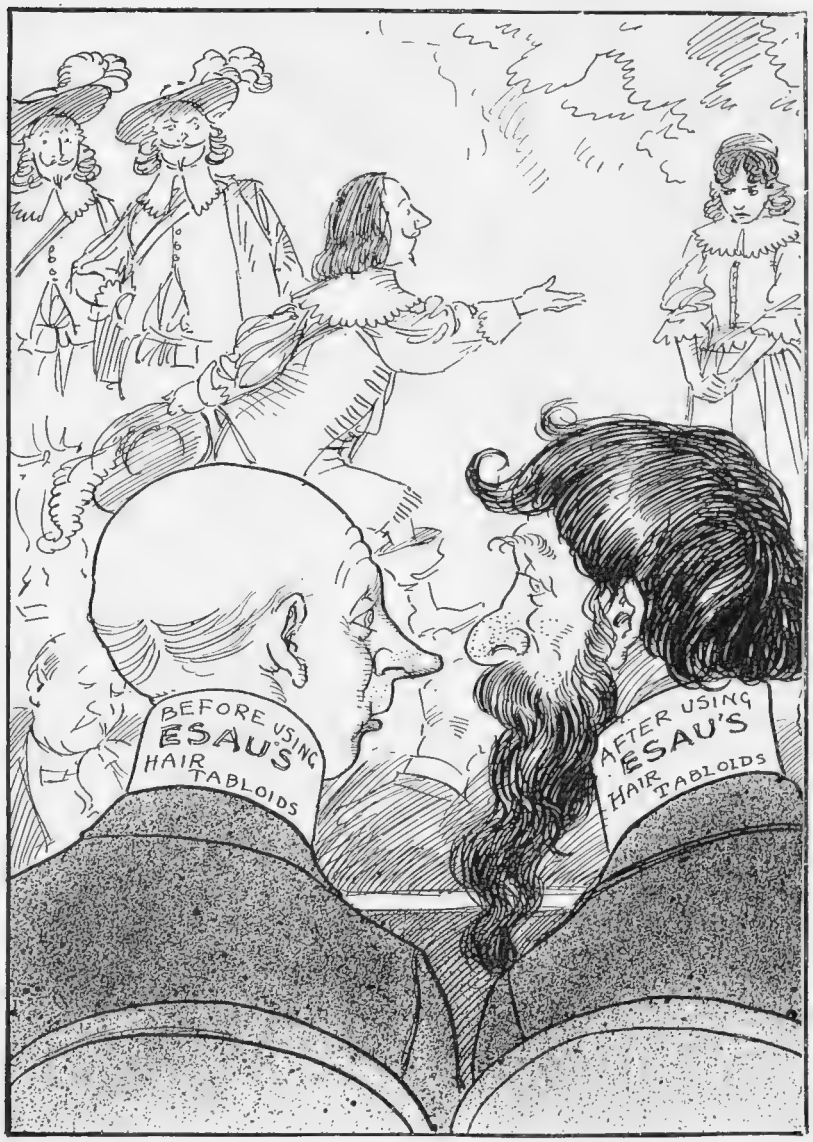
In witness whereof the parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above-named ..... }

Of course, many other clauses to suit individual cases will suggest themselves to your readers. It seems to me that if an agreement like this were generally adopted, and every householder had one ready for emergencies, the idea of a sudden raid on our beloved country would be robbed of half its horrors.—Yours faithfully,

A LOVER OF PEACE
(at almost any price).

WORK FOR THE GENTEEL UNEMPLOYED: BY GEORGE MORROW

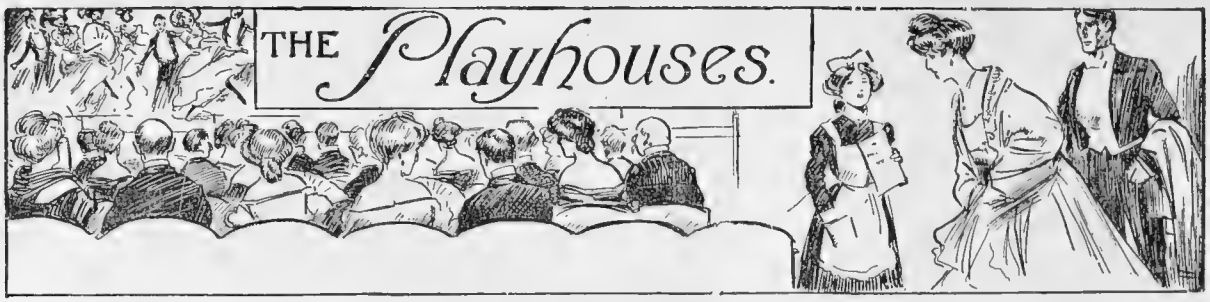


NO. II.—THE NECK HOARDING FOR NEEDY DEADHEADS

Carina Carissima!

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS CARINA CLIFF, AT PRESENT PLAYING IN "THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE" AT THE HICKS THEATRE



BY ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"Strife"

Lack of space last week prevented me from incorporating in these columns a notice of yet another play dealing with the strife between Capital and Labour.

Mr. John Galsworthy's play, *Strife*, produced for a limited number of matinées at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a clearer and more forcible exposition of the subject than *The Head of the Firm*. But, naturally, there are many resemblances between the two plays. For Mrs. Lydford in *The Head of the Firm* read Mrs. Underwood; for Philip Lydford, Edgar Anthony. These are the sentimentalists in the new play. Mrs. Dalby, the suffering wife, has become Annie Roberts. The strong man, Heymann, has become an even stronger John Anthony, a ruthless, determined old man, who firmly believes that the slightest yielding to the demands of Labour paves the way for mob rule in the future.

A Bow and a Beau!

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who produced *The Noble Spaniard*, an adaptation from the French by Somerset Maugham, at the New Royalty Theatre last Saturday. Mr. Hawtrey, it will be remembered, had recently to throw up his part in *Jack Straw*, at the Vaudeville, to undergo an operation for appendicitis

Similarity of Arguments

The arguments in the two plays are so similar that it is quite evident that both authors have made a careful study at first hand of the conditions. And the gathering of this material by two independent persons leads us to suppose that one strike is very like another. So much for the similarities between the two plays.

The main point of difference between them is that in Mr. Galsworthy's play both the strike and the suffering take place "on." It cannot be said that the play gains much by these extra touches of realism. The dying Annie Thomas makes a harrowing spectacle, but the scene can very well be dispensed with. Nor does a very large crowd of supers, only moderately well stage-managed, give much more colour to the play. The superiority of the English author's play lies in the stronger drawing of the principal characters and its ironical climax. The real strife is waged between the old Chairman, John Anthony, and David Roberts. It is an absolute deadlock between them. The result is victory—for neither of them. The Board throw over their aged Chairman, and the men throw over Roberts. The terms are drawn up and signed by the new Chairman and Simon Harness, a Trades Union official.

"Why," exclaims the secretary, "these are precisely the terms we drew up weeks ago, when a settlement was first discussed."

"Certainly."

"Then why all this strife and suffering?"

"Oh, that's where the fun of the thing comes in," replies Harness bitterly.

I do not vouch for the accuracy of the wording of this dialogue, but upon this note the curtain falls.

Mr. Norman McKinnel made a most effective John Anthony. Fire glowed in his sunken eyes, iron will was written in every line of his fine old face, and every word he spoke came straight from the soul.

Mr. J. Fisher White was rather too querulous as David Roberts, but at times he was powerful enough.

THE AFTERNOON THEATRE

"The House of Bondage"

Mr. Seymour Obermer has played rather a bad joke upon his audience. He has created four characters—two men and two women—paired them off, artfully contrived to stimulate an interest in the final disposition of these parties—and then has given us a ludicrous "curtain."

His play reminds us of nothing so much as those thrilling tales of shipwreck which lead the unwary reader to learn (to his great annoyance) that the desperate survivor was saved from lumbago on the raft by the use of Dr. Coddem's Anti-Bilious Pills. Sir Vincent Meredith loves the Duchess of Banff; Paul Bertrand loves Lady Joan Meredith, Sir Vincent's wife. The first couple are villain and villainess; the second hero and heroine. After interminable talk, strained situations, unexpected meetings, the unblushing use of the "psychological moment" for bringing on his characters, and other devices of the novice, the author launches his grand climax—an impassioned speech by Lady Joan bidding her husband reform the divorce

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE MASSES AT THE LYCEUM

BY NORMAN MORROW

laws! This is the bolus which the author has contrived so skilfully to sugar. Fortunately, the audience, impressed by the spirit which animates the Afternoon Theatre, and by the excellent acting, swallowed the medicine without protest. But a less reverent audience would have laughed when the Duchess entered with the news that Sir Vincent was badly needed in the Cabinet; and at the injunction laid upon the Minister-elect, they would have roared.

A Few "Whys"

This is the kind of play which sets us asking inconvenient questions. We want to know why Sir Vincent was so pleased to undergo a delicate operation at the hands of the man who has confessed to being in love with his (Sir Vincent's) wife; why the eminent surgeon travelled to Switzerland to perform it; why the Duchess arrived on the scene; why both pairs of lovers should have the misfortune to be surprised at impassioned moments by the unexpected entrance of a very interested party? In fact, the play compels wonder and amazement at every turn.

A Puzzling Play

Altogether a puzzling and inconclusive play, upon which the talents of Misses Eva Moore and Beryl Faber (as wife and designing woman), Messrs. Herbert Waring and Aubrey Smith (as doctor and patient), were sadly wasted. The one touch of reality in the play was contributed by Michael Sherbrook. This clever actor played a simple-minded, tender-hearted old Swiss doctor so naturally that it had an effect upon the general mustiness of the play as of a door being opened.

Satirising Modern Society at Christ Church College, Oxford

To mark the end of the Hilary Term at Oxford, the Cardinal Club each year turns its attention to providing an entertainment which generally takes the form of a mock trial or the performance of some play. This year it produced an original and distinctly clever farce, *The Accident of the Syntaxes*, by Mr. G. Howard, which satirises all classes of Modern Society. The cast included Mr. R. L. Drage (Dr. Syntax), "Miss Jessie" Fater (Miss Syntax), the author (Jasper Hawthorne), Mr. C. A. Brown, President of the Club (John Armstrong), "Miss Hippy" Hallett (Hannah), Mr. H. B. Lawrence (Anthony, the butler), Mr. A. St. J. Kekewich (the telegraph boy), and "Miss Evelyn" Hunter (Rachel)

LYCEUM THEATRE

"Hamlet"

Messrs. Smith and Carpenter thoroughly understand their public. It is a public which loves to see upon the stage stirring situations and plenty of action. It likes to have its ears tickled with bright melodies and its eyes regaled with bright colours. It is a public pleased beyond everything with pomp and "circumstance."

It pays well to please this public, as it does all publics. There is no doubt that Lyceum patrons are pleased with the Lyceum productions of Shakespeare. And they signify their pleasure by rolling up in thousands. After the same management's production of *Romeo and Juliet*, one old lady said, "I never would have dreamed Shakespeare could be so exciting!"

Hamlet is played in the same key, and there is no doubt but that it is greatly relished by the audience. It is embellished with plenty of music and plenty of "business." The acting version, prepared by the producers with the assistance of Mr. Matheson Lang, is one well calculated to give the audience a clear exposition of the plot. And there is no gainsaying the charm of Mr. Lang's Hamlet. He reminds one at times of Mr. H. B. Irving, and there is no doubt that both these clever young actors have pictured Hamlet as a dashing young Prince, with a very clear purpose in his mind. This is no dull, soliloquising fellow, as so many actors have conceived him, to the great boredom of their audiences.

E. C. S.

EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records
LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, B. COLLIER, Etc.
WINTER IN HOLLAND. And Specially Selected Variet'es.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

"King" Pataud of Paris

Paris is again in a state of turmoil. Once more the whole capital is disorganised. Only those who have lived in Paris can understand the bitter annoyance caused by these oft-repeated strikes. No outsider can imagine what it means for a whole city to be suddenly plunged into darkness, for a theatre, or a café, or a private house to be suddenly deprived of its light. And yet "King" Pataud reigns supreme, and Paris cannot thwart him. A more deplorable postal and telegraph system than that of Paris it would be hard to find. Two men do the work of one and get the salary of half a man, and are consequently forced to rely on tips to make a living. For every telegram or registered letter brought to the house, the employé expects twopence, and by not giving it one runs the risk of not receiving one's telegrams. It is often quicker to walk, or at least go on foot, than to rely on the telephone, and business men to whom time really means money find it to their advantage to send a very substantial Christmas box to the "ladies at the telephone." How the matter will end it is difficult to say, judging from the incapacity of M. Simyan, the Postmaster-General.

Buelow's Monument to the Kaiser

Prince von Buelow is practically king of the little Island of Norderney in the North Sea, which almost entirely belongs to him. In the principal thoroughfare, the Friedrichstrasse, he has just set up the remarkable looking monument shown in the above picture to commemorate the Kaiser's recent visit to the place

The Power of the Workman

It is only when staying in Paris that one realises into what depths of Anarchy France has sunk. The workman is all powerful. Politics interfere with everything, even the organisation of the Army, and yet the hands of politicians are tied. Even Clemenceau, the one and only politician in France, and his faithful henchman, Pichon, can do nothing, and it is only with an external shock, such as a serious war scare, that anything is done. M. Cailloux, who has all these years laboured at improving the system of taxation, has now had the doubtful pleasure of seeing his Income-tax Bill passed by the Chamber of Deputies on the understanding that it should be thrown out by the Senate. Such is French government.

King Alfonso at Seville

When London Society migrates to the blue shores of the Mediterranean, or, as its more aristocratic members do, in the train of Edward VII., to Biarritz, Madrid Society goes to Seville and Algeciras, and a more delightful climate and more beautiful scenery it would be difficult to find. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria are now at Seville, accompanied by all the important Court functionaries, and so delighted are the Sevillians to see their King again, that, although it is not the

bull-fighting season, a special bull-fight was arranged to show the joy they felt at his arrival. Seville has everything that can be desired in the way of beauty and amusements, and it is the Mecca of bull-fighting. Unfortunately, the bull-fighting season is in summer, when the heat is too intense to make a visit agreeable, but it is the moment when the bulls are fiercest, and King Alfonso, like a good patriot, willingly gives his patronage.

The Eve of the Bull-fight

It is worth a trip to Seville to see the populace on the eve of a bull-fight. All work ceases, every shop closes, and the populace, mad with excitement, flock in for miles around, even pawning their garments to gain admission to satisfy their bloodthirsty propensities. Since Alfonso has been King of Spain he has made it his business to study the characters of the different races of his kingdom. There are the Basques, whom he visits in the neighbourhood of Pau and Biarritz, those who make the money and are the backbone of the country, and as different from the pleasure-loving, happy-go-lucky Andalusians as night is from day. There are the Barcelonians, the noisy, bomb-throwing populace, whom King Alfonso braved last year, and many others, and none of them are really Spaniards.

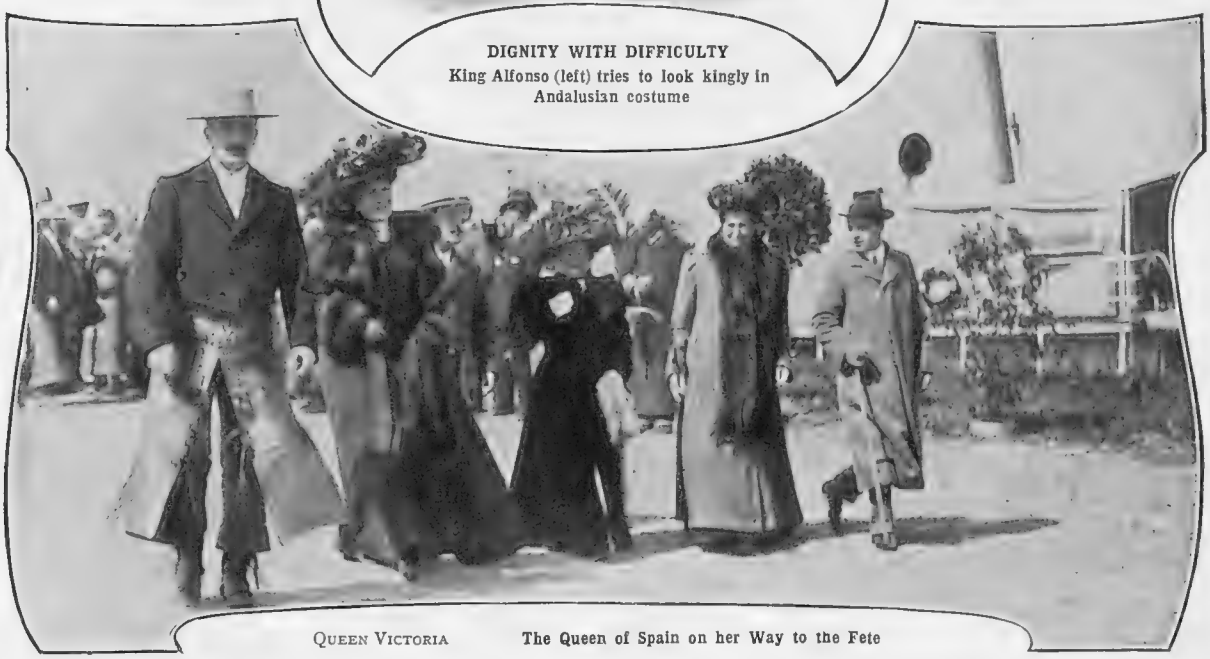
Spanish Health Resorts

King Alfonso dearly loves Seville, and his great idea at present is to turn it into a second Biarritz—that is to say, to bring English people and tourists there as often as possible. For this reason he has invited his "Uncle Edward" to stay with him at Seville, but whether the latter will be able to accept the invitation is not yet sure. The King of Spain has also his eye on that most delightful of picturesque Moor settlements, Tarifa, as a winter resort; but he will have to get rid of a chronic epidemic of small-pox and superintend the sanitation before British residents can be induced to try the experiment. But he says he will do it, and as he generally does most that he makes up his mind to do, we may, in the not too distant future, find ourselves wintering in the South of Spain.

DIGNITY WITH DIFFICULTY
King Alfonso (left) tries to look kingly in Andalusian costume

Buelow's Monument to His Master

Whatever the present relations of Kaiser and Chancellor—it is said they are not, privately, on speaking terms — posterity will, at all events, possess one evidence of the fact that things were once otherwise. To commemorate the Kaiser's last visit to him in the Isle of Norderney, the island of which Prince Buelow is practically king, the Chancellor has chosen the original device of putting up the monument of which we publish a photograph. Thus is the man who has honoured all the dead with the tribute of stone, himself honoured while living. It now only remains for the Kaiser to return the compliment, and put up a monument to Buelow—or will he leave that task to those for whom, he will think, Buelow has deserted him—the German people?



QUEEN VICTORIA The Queen of Spain on her Way to the Fete

Organised in her honour in the neighbourhood of Seville, at which a special bull-fight was arranged. The picture above shows King Alfonso in typical Andalusian costume talking to a breeder of wild bulls

Ours at Last—Perhaps!

LOURENÇO MARQUES, THE PORTUGUESE SEAPORT WHICH BRITAIN IS SAID TO HAVE LEASED FOR THE TRANSVAAL

The *Natal Mercury* announces that an arrangement has just been signed at Johannesburg by which Lourenço Marques railway and port will be taken over by the British as part of the Union Railway system. The agreement further is said to provide that Delagoa Bay shall receive 50 per cent. of the Transvaal import trade. The report has been contradicted, but not officially. The harbour, where three streams enter the bay through a common estuary, gives access to ships drawing 15ft. or 16ft., while the bay itself, 12 miles wide, and over 50ft. deep at the entrance, affords well-sheltered anchorage for the largest vessels, in depths of from 40ft. to 120ft.

(1) A Panoramic View of Lourenco Marques (2) Rua Araujo: A Typical Street in the Town
(3) Main Street in Lourenco Marques. The tramcars to be seen in the distance are for private and not for public use

THE WAR AGAINST SPIRITUAL APATHY

AN APPEAL FOR RELIGIOUS UNITY, WITH PORTRAITS OF THOSE WHO SHOULD SECURE IT

INDIFFERENTISM to the precepts of religion is a mighty Army Corps. It is occasionally raided by scattered commandos. The Army Corps of Indifferentism good-humouredly shakes off the little enemy. When are the commandos of religion going to combine?

Looking around us at the present moment, is the slightest sign of any attempt at unity discernible? Of all the speeches made at the Free Church Congress by far the greatest enthusiasm was aroused by Mr. Hocking's furious attack on Catholicism. The Nonconformist ministers howled with glee over the novelist's hysterical diatribe. On the other hand, speeches on social reform and pressing religious questions were received with bland serenity. Yells of laughter greeted the President's (save the mark!) description of the House of Lords as "a conglomeration of Brass, Brewers, and Bishops." Such a sneer at the leaders of another Church is beneath contempt. Who can blame the man in the street for turning his back upon such blatant vulgarity?

Canon Page Roberts
"He preaches religious Rationalism"

Photo *Russell*

Canon Scott-Holland
"In voice and in gesture Boanergesque"

Photo *Elliott & Fry*

Dr. Hermann Adler
"He is a Chief Rabbi rather than a man"

Photo *Haines*

Religion and Politics

I do not forget that the Bishops are *in* politics and that the Free Church leaders are not. The pitiful part of the story is that Nonconformity is actually jealous of the political influence of the captains of the Established Church. What, in the name of all that is logical, has religion to do with politics? Ought not the Free Churchmen rather to sympathise with the Bishops, who are constitutionally compelled to act as members of the Upper House when their work lies in an utterly different sphere? As surely as the leaders of any sect on earth plunge into the political arena so surely will that sect lose caste. The difficulty of combining the rôle of Bishop and Legislator is only known to those who have tried it. One can be confident that practically every spiritual peer would welcome relief from his duties in the House of Lords. The Free Churchman utterly fails to appreciate the Bishop's position, and in the meantime, gives convincing proof of his own unsuitability for the political arena by praying publicly for the success of his country's enemies, for the passage of the Licensing Bill, and for the triumph of his own peculiar educational programme.

It is precisely this sort of burlesque religiosity that swells the ranks of spiritual apathy. What sort of sermon is nowadays the most common? Here are a few selected at random from last week's church notices: The Crime of Vivisection, Beer and Betting, the Craze for Jewellery, Balaam's Pet Dog, God and Bacchus, the Whist-Drive Scandal (!), Decent Clothing, the Bridge Fiend, Should Children's Plays be Permitted, the Dancing Curse. Does *no one* preach the love of God nowadays?

The Enemy of Socialism

Nine-tenths of the population of the British Isles are taught a religion in their youth. A handful of them continue to practise it—or another religion—all their lives pay seat-rents, and provide a living for the ministers of religion Why not more than a handful?

No man can sincere y say that he discarded religion because it was a burden to him. To the poor, who are almost invariably earnest *believers*, religion is an eternal balm, an everlast ng consolation Religion, and religion alone, prevents the submerged tenth from tearing down the

palaces of the rich. Religion is Socialism's deadliest enemy. Mr. Robert Blatchford has been sharp enough to see this, and has long ago planted Atheism prominently on his platform. Religious people can bear suffering for the sake of another world. Atheists recognise only one life, and demand happiness in this world co-equal with their fellows. Thus do they justify Anarchy. To the rich religion is as oil on troubled water, as rain on parched grass. It will enhance a man's pleasures, it will charm him from aridity of heart, it will save him from sterility of enjoyment. Picture the irreligious millionaire. His life is one of self-gratification; but every day he remembers that he must die. He lives in awful dread of annihilation. He knows that he must be cut off from all his pleasures. For him death is full of despair. For the religious man, pauper or patrician, death is full of holy hope.

Photos *Beresford and Lena Connell* *Haines*

What Religion Means

Who of the spiritual captains of the day dare speak plainly to the indifferent millions? Where is the man who will promise love and laughter, friends and favour, to the followers of God? Enough of "eternal damnation," enough of the "needle's eye," enough of "narrow roads!" Tell the indifferent these:—

Religion means contentment. Religion means happiness. Religion has no objection whatever to theatres, dances, music-halls, smoking concerts, billiards, or any other reasonable and rational form of amusement. Religion, on the contrary, will only help you to enjoy yourself a great deal more. If you're starving, religion will help you to grin. If you're half-starving and ambitious, religion will soak you with courage. If you're only moderately well-off, and have no chance of getting any richer, religion will help you to laugh at the over-burdened millionaire. If you're rolling in wealth, religion will give you joy in spending it, will constantly remind you that, happy as you are now, there are happier times ahead. Religion will pulse through your life as the Atlantic pulses through a piece of seaweed. It warms the poor, frost-bitten devil on the Embankment, it freezes angry blood. It washes fear from the eyes of children, it pours the oil of humility over the barren soul of the purse-proud. Religion teaches you to pity the man in the cab when you are riding on an omnibus, to pity the man on the omnibus when you are riding in a cab. Religion is a pal, no task-master. It means the love of God, not the fear of God. I dare swear that Providence is better friends with the man who looks on at a football match than with the Bible-thumping scarifiers who with their mouthy threats send thousands headlong to the Devil.

Not for me to suggest a programme. Not for me to find the common denominator. If it be not found, if religious leaders will not forswear their differences, if the spiritual commandos will not join forces and go into the battle under one flag, one war-cry, one leader, then will the Army Corps of Indifferentism multiply. Then will Atheism and its satellite, Socialism, come into their kingdom.

A BYSTANDER.

The quotations under the photographs are from Mr. James Douglas's book of brilliant analytical studies of the personalities of famous preachers, "The Man in the Pulpit"

A Seething Sea of Cloud; Photogr

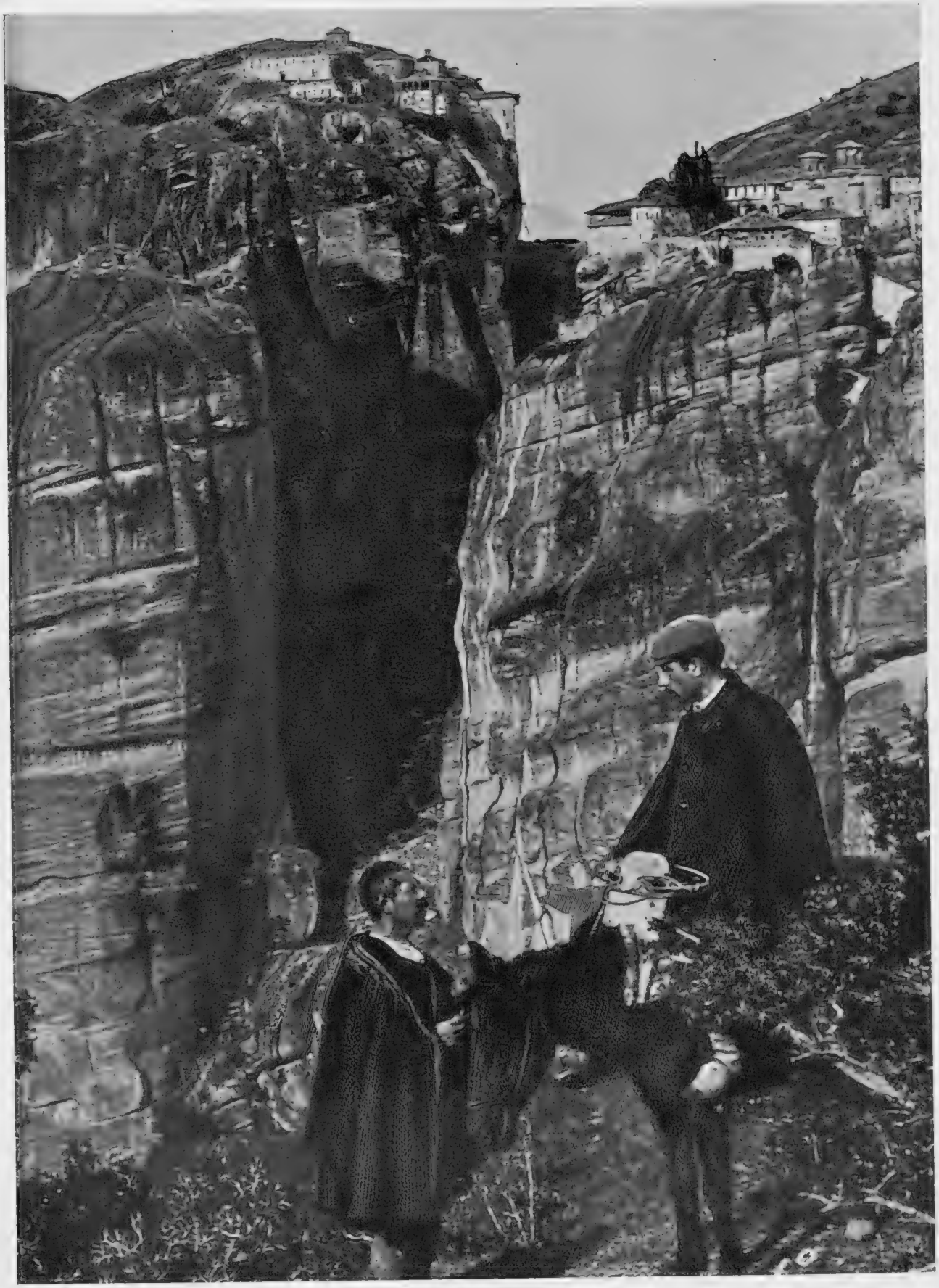
Seen from above these clouds have all the appearance of water, resembling a ruffled sea. They stretch right across the valley and form quite a fascinating picture. Above the cloud it is often bright sunshine and quite warm. The moment one enters the region of the cloud the cold is felt. The trees and shrubs are and one cannot see more than twenty paces have been known to blow cab-whistles, so hom

phed From the Summit of the Rigi

and clammy. It is like a white fog, so ahead. Absent-minded London visitors are the surroundings. These clouds may be only a few feet deep or extend down the hillside for half a mile or more. It is often quite dry and bright in the valley below. The hotel in the foreground is the Belle Vue, at which a number of residents, with an inordinate appetite for sunrises, stay in the summer

Monastic Sentinels on Hellas' Frowning Crags

MONASTERIES OF ST. BARLAAM AND METEORA, METEORA ROCKS, NORTHERN GREECE



"HERE WOULD THE SPECULATIVE GREEK BEGUILE HIS OUTLOOK ON HEREAFTER"

A short walk from the village of Stagi leads the traveller among the strange pinnacles crowned by these Convents. They form a cluster of detached rocks, separated by deep chasms, and each has a little level space on its summit, where the buildings are placed, looking like incrustations on the cliff. It is difficult to answer the question how the original inhabitants scaled those rocky columns, and how the materials were carried up of which the buildings are composed. A colony of monks settled on these rocks, for the sake of the security they afforded at a very early period The six convents still tenanted by the Fathers possess wells and cisterns, some cattle, and a store of meal, but they depend for their support on charitable contributions

The "Bystander" Short Stories

THE DUEL IN THE VALLE DES VAUX

BY

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

HYACINTH LE MESURIER lay on the steep side of a tree-wreathed valley in the dark. It was caressingly cold, and the same wind that bent the naked arms of the trees flipped his town-washed face and hands. Most people resent the personalities of Nature. This was a sea-wind, a wind that had torn sprays of down from the breasts of the gulls on the Casquets, flung spume to the tops of the drunken masts that stagger through the foam-troughs of the Channel, a wind of height and speed and distance, and it made Hyacinth ashamed. It is an awful thing at the hour of the earthquake to be only conscious of one's starched collar.

Hyacinth lit an old pipe with the aid of a waxen match. His hands trembled with the cold. The wind sneered by and tossed the smoke contemptuously away. The frost-stained trees, immodestly stripped, waved goblin signals to each other. A gnarled, spiteful snigger shivered through their fantastic fence. The trees at his right and left covered their gaunt faces with their long, skeleton fingers, but even they laughed satirically in their cold hearts of sap. The wind roared boisterously at the crown of a disused mill. The scare-crow wings creaked, and the eye-like windows and the maw-like door smirked vilely. Down the glen rode Sintram and his spectral train.

"I said that you would be early, Hyacinth," muttered a man in a great fur coat, standing with his back to a giant elm.

"It does not matter. This is a wonderful place."

"To die in! There is no poetry about it for me."

"Ah, Mr. Griggs, you are not a poet. You, in your vulgar furs! I am in ecstasy. Shiver in the needle-cold that comes from the sea, spurn with the set mouth and shrunken eye of slavery the boisterous taunts of the ruling wind, distort with the malice of satire the naked figures of trees that will be beautiful in the wrap and petticoat of summer, and I shall extract the exquisite, negative pleasure of self-torture. Come, lordly wind! Smear bursting bud with the salt of sea-spume. Whip branch to branch and crackle from their nests the old year's dying leaves. Stab your rock-sharpened falchions in the soft, yellow bed of primrose, divide the clinging ivy and her aged master of oak, smirch sleeping wild flowers with the death-breath of frost. What voltage can I lend you? Strike harder, faster! Bring breakers from the shore, leaning crags from the home of the gulls, snow and rain from the generous treasury of the skies! Bring tempest, maelstrom, storm, and wrack! Bring the everlasting energy of Thalassa! Onaway! It is quite exhilarating to hear Nature swear."

He had forgotten the starched collar.

"I declare you've frightened the wind away, Hyacinth."

"I think it has got a little tired of me. If I say that I can hear it moaning on the other side of the ridge, shall I be forgiven? I don't think that even a decadent ought to patronise. The fingers of the trees are frozen in crazy distortion. I smile in sympathy. The up-ripped, dying leaves lie miserably on strange beds. Still in sympathy, I pull up my socks. The broken-bodied primroses mournfully expire. To-morrow they will begin to grow new heads. I hope so, that is to say if I have yet another pipeful of tobacco left. Now comes the rain."

The rain poured down. There was no spite in it, no ardour for its work. The trees looked down at Hyacinth and his friend out of the corners of their eyes to see how they were taking it. The trees like the rain, but they are proudest of the wind. An imperial master gets far more obedience and respect than a kind-hearted friend. Hyacinth turned his coat collar up for the sake of his starched collar and whistled.

The rain acquired more volume. A little sullenly, and as inconsequently as possible, the two men moved their station to one immediately under the greatest tree. The bare arms deliberately wriggled. Obviously they were being laughed at, and it was comforting to Hyacinth to reflect that the wind was nowhere about. The tree provided little shelter, and it seemed as if the now properly amused branches were deliberately steering the rain-streams on to the back of their necks. The last pipe of tobacco was damped into useless pulp.

"I wish you hadn't been in such a devil of a hurry," growled the man in the fur coat.

"It would be sinful to be late; nay, more, for sins are pardonable. And it is my first duel, Mr. Griggs."

"I've always understood that it was fashionable to be five minutes late. Not that it matters much," he added gloomily.

"His party is overdue. Can you see anything?"

"No. I never knew such a night. I don't believe they'll come now. It's a silly business."

"Mr. Griggs! Since when did the defence of a lady's honour become silly? You have led me to think you different from the other English?"

A sour smile crossed Mr. Griggs's face, but in the dark it escaped Hyacinth's notice.

"Oh, it's all right, I suppose. But the date strikes me as devilish unlucky in this affair. Wouldn't you rather die dry?"

"The elements inflame me. If the wind were asleep, and the sun shining, the good God knows I might hesitate. Even a Le Mesurier may hesitate."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Hello, there's a light." Mr. Griggs pointed to the foot of the slope.

"It's moving evenly. That light's on the front of a car, Hyacinth, my lad. They are coming up the cart track."

"At last! At last! Mon Dieu, how it rains!"

"You'll never see each other at twelve paces. Somebody will be hurt."

"M'sieu, somebody will die. He probably, I possibly. You will send my manuscripts to the Academy, as you promised."

"I will. And your clothes to your mother. Shall I fold the trousers with a seam at the front or the side?"

"It does not matter. Ah, how beautifully it rains!"

"Where has that light got to? I don't see it now."

"The rain has extinguished it, perhaps. I hear the murmur of voices. They are away on the left."

Griggs looked at his companion sharply.

"Not at all," he said. "You heard the rustle of leaves."

"Was that it? But now there are voices on the right."

"You are dreaming. Look! There is the light again. They are close to us."

A swinging lantern crawled towards them. It sounded very much as if its bearer was swearing.

"He is alone, Mr. Griggs. He has no second."

"That's not M. Chatelât, I'll swear. He's probably at home."

"M. Chatelât is a gentleman, Mr. Griggs," said Hyacinth sternly.

The lantern flashed in their faces.

"Hello, Griggs," said the bearer.

"Hello, Marx! Where's your man?"

"Down at the bottom, cosily perched inside the car. You can't fight to-night, M. Le Mesurier," he added, turning to Hyacinth.

"The light is bad. We will wait till the dawn."

"That is what my friend suggests. In the meanwhile, he offers you both the hospitality of his car."

"Good boy," cried Griggs.

"But, M'sieu, it is so unusual. It is very kind, but I fear that——" The rain slogged on.

"Damn it, sir," interrupted Griggs, "you don't want us both to die of pneumonia."

"Well, well," sighed Hyacinth. "I give way, but it is most unusual."

Griggs strode down the slope with Mr. Marx, Hyacinth walking reluctantly behind.

"What about those poor reporting devils, Jimmy?" asked Griggs in an undertone.

"They're all right. There's a shooter's hut at the top, and they are all well covered."

"Have you got any whisky down there?"

"Two bottles and a pack of cards. We might get our young friends to take a hand at poker."

"Look here, Jimmy, don't let 'em get too affable."

"Leave that to me. Say, did you know my lot's a Count? He don't seem to have much money, but he's a Count."

"No? That's good goods. Mine's no more than a blithering idiot."

"Don't, Eddie. You hurt me. He's a diplomat."

"Bless my soul!"

"It sounds good, and a bit scandalous."

"D'you think these paper men sniff the bluff?"

"That funny little *Courier* man says they don't. I let him in to find out. He reckons he's got the scoop of his life in that job of fetching her from the hotel."

"So he has. Hello! What a peach of a car!"

His Excellency Count Chatelât put his head out of the window.

"Ah, M'sieu," said he to Hyacinth, "pray step inside. You must be very wet. This weather is most unfortunate. Till it ceases, kindly honour me by being my guest."

Hyacinth blushed.

"You are very kind. The circumstances——"

"Are exceptional. Quite so. M. Marx, I think you have some whisky that we can offer to my honourable opponent."

All four were soon comfortably seated. Cigarettes were lit and glasses filled, and an atmosphere of graceful geniality prevailed.

Hyacinth took a long look at his enemy. He had not seen him either before or since their brief encounter in the café. The Count was a spare man, clean-shaven, neatly dressed, but slightly dissipated in feature. He spoke Parisian French, and Hyacinth felt a little conscious of the deficiencies of his own *patois*.

"Now what would you gentlemen say to a little game of cards?" said Mr. Marx. "The night is very black, and there are some hours before we may expect any light."

"An excellent idea, sir," commented Mr. Griggs. "Will the Count suggest a game?"

The Count smiled sadly.

"I play cards very little. Perhaps M. Le Mesurier has a favourite game."

"I also play hardly at all. But perhaps we had better choose a game. The waiting is very irksome."

"Do you play poker, your Excellency?" inquired Mr. Griggs smilingly of the Count.

"Poker? I seem to remember to have played it once. Let us try. It may come back to me."

Mr. Griggs glibly quoted the general rules, and, after a few inquiries from the Count and M. Le Mesurier, the game began.

Much to Hyacinth's astonishment, he won small sums on the first two rounds. It was then Mr. Griggs's deal, and Mr. Griggs this time scooped all Hyacinth's winnings. The Count betted very low.

Then the Count dealt. Everyone had a bet, and his Excellency pushed the stakes up rather high when his turn came. Both Marx and Griggs raised them. Hyacinth despairingly dropped out. The Count dropped four more gold coins on his pile. Marx and Griggs exchanged looks. Each in turn applied the closure. His Excellency showed a "full house," and raked in a nice little sum.

"I thought it would come back to me after a round or two," he said, with a far-away smile.

Hyacinth now became very observant. He noticed that when Marx and Griggs dealt the Count either betted low or not at all. It was only when he himself or Hyacinth passed out the cards that he stopped for any length in a round. Hyacinth decided to adopt the same tactics. He then found that he never lost heavily, and occasionally took a small pool. The Count did not appear to have phenomenal luck, but in a long battle he usually "pipped" his rivals. Marx

An illustration by CECIL KING of this week's Short Story

"THE WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT ILLUSTRATION WHEEZE"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I implore you. For the love of Heaven, drop those weapons. I am not worthy of the sacrifice of either of your lives."

and Griggs grew obviously impatient, and were soon suggesting that they should have to borrow. Then the Count felt sleepy.

He yawned most abominably, and Hyacinth quickly caught the complaint also.

"Suppose we have a little nap, gentlemen," suggested his Excellency.

"I feel very sleepy," agreed Hyacinth.

"I shall be too tired to kill my honourable friend if we keep on playing," added the Count.

"It is nearly dawn. The rain seems to have stopped."

"Very well, gentlemen," growled Griggs. "Stretch yourselves out. Mr. Marx and I will go and reconnoitre."

The two men stepped out and stood at the back of the car, talking in an undertone.

"It's quite safe to leave 'em alone, Jimmy, I suppose?"

"Bless you, yes. The nicer they are to each other the more bloodthirsty they are at heart. I know this type of madman."

"D'you think we ought to rouse the boys?"

"It's half-past three. She must be here by four. Yes, come on. We must send that little *Courier* chap off."

Mr. Griggs peeped through the window of the car before ascending the slope. Both the combatants were peacefully dozing.

For another five minutes they both slept on. Then the left eye of his Excellency opened. Slowly and cautiously he sat up. A glance out of the window assured him that the others were well out of earshot. He shook M. Le Mesurier's arm. Hyacinth slowly opened his eyes.

"Wake up, young man," said the Count.

"I am awake, your Excellency. What do you wish to say?"

"Listen! Don't interrupt! They may be back any minute. We're in a fool stunt. I beg your pardon. Look here, I'm no Count. I'm a New Yorker, born, bred, and finished on Fifth Av., and other places. Say, have you ever been to Hell? No, you're too damp. That's where that horse-swapper, Griggs, comes from. He's no long-lost brother to you. He's a sharp, and I've been too drunk these last three days to cotton. But I'm on it now. I want to put you up to a wrinkle."

"Your Excellency!"

"Drop that! I'm Nightmare Jim. I had a surname, but there was frost on the hearthstone and I dropped it. See here, I'll talk French, and you'll get me. When you collided with me in that café, I was very drunk, M'sieu, and, perhaps, I was unnecessarily nasty at La Favorita's expense. You see, I didn't reckon on any of her gingerbread and candy sweethearts being round. Well, you flushed up and called me a pig. I think I said that if nobody loved you you ought to eat fuzzy worms, and there we were. Griggs took your side, Marx put his arm round my neck—how was I to know he was a knife-tourist?—and we were fixed up for Friday night and pistols for two before you could swap aces. What do you think of it? My lad, it's a stunt. Griggs is the Fav's manager; Marx is her Press agent. That adjectival wood is alive with reporters. How's that, my flower, for restful scenery?"

"M'sieu, it is—it is——"

"What you think. They'll probably put blank in the shooters. We're to be mugged, and half the continent will hear the boom to-morrow. Well, I'm not going to be in this as utility man. What do you say?"

"I will go at once. It is——"

"Worse than that. Listen. That little *Courier* reporter is a pal of mine. He let me into the stunt. He's off now to fetch La Fav. She is to break between us, don't you see, and do the Weekly Supplement illustration wheeze on her bended knees. Ain't it beyewtiful? You'll be interviewed to death to-morrow."

"I shall go."

"Not so fast, my honourable opponent. Come closer."

For a few minutes did Nightmare Jim whisper into Hyacinth's ears. When he had finished, the poet's eyes shone and his little mouth expanded into a broad grin. Suddenly came the sound of approaching footsteps. The honourable opponents lapsed into slumber.

Presently the head of Mr. Griggs appeared through the window.

"Gentlemen, it is my duty to awaken you."

The Count moved restlessly.

"Your Excellency," cried Griggs.

"Ah! Do you call me, Rosalie, my bride, my Countess?" The Count was surely wandering in his sleep. Hyacinth signalled to Mr. Griggs not to waken him too roughly.

"Are we to stroll again through the old moat, pluck the big, blue plums for your scarlet lips"—Hyacinth's eyes shone appreciatively—"in the ancient orchard? Or is the Other Time at hand? The Other Time! Life is an anticipation, a fear of the chaotic, a realisation of the commonplace. And always are we so tantalisingly near to the Other Time. How near it is now, my Rosalie, God wot."

"We had better wake him, Hyacinth, my boy."

"He is waking now. Was it not pathetic? Ah!"

The Count gazed around him vacantly.

"I was dreaming. I had forgotten. Ah! yes, there is my honourable enemy. This morning I kill you, sir. Is it not so?"

"God wot, your Excellency. Come, let us go out into the sick dawn. The Other Time is, perhaps, near."

"Mr. Griggs, lend me your arm. We ascend the slope? Good! We ascend, M. Le Mesurier, we ascend, mark you, to the place of death."

"It is a beautiful thought. And one or other of us, perhaps both, will be borne, feet foremost, back again. In my wildest dreams I have not hoped to meet my death so near to heaven." Mr. Griggs glanced a little uneasily at the two men.

"Do you notice the primroses, M. Le Mesurier? Some are broken by the storm, some are young and strong. And some are smothered by frost and dead leaves. So it is with life. Some men are crushed and broken by the world, and many of the young and strong are throttled in the web of death."

"You are a true poet," ecstatically exclaimed Hyacinth. "Do you notice how the trees cry 'Hail' to us?"

"Yes, yes. They rub their frozen fingers over our prospective corpses. The light is peeping through the

(*Continued on page 606*)

A Foreign Office Engagement

Photo] COUNTESS CAMILLA HOYOS *[Martin Jccolette*

Who is engaged to Mr. Samuel Pepys Cockerell, of the Foreign Office

(*Continued from page 604*)

branches to caress our dying hair. How Death makes the heart glad!"

They had arrived at a fairly level ridge on the side of the valley.

"This is the spot Mr. Marx and I have chosen," said Griggs grimly.

Both combatants smiled their approval. Mr. Marx, who leant with folded arms against a tree, marvelled rather at their stoic calm. He slowly advanced to meet them.

"Do you agree, gentlemen, that the light is sufficient?"

"It is beautifully sick, M'sieu."

"It is divinely opaque," added the Count.

"Then you are prepared. The revolvers are loaded. Will you please take up your positions? The doctors are close at hand."

"Thank you, M'sieu. Will you take my hat and coat?"

The two men faced each other, heroically smiling. Their seconds glanced round anxiously into the belt of trees. Here and there a black smudge revealed the presence of an eager-eyed reporter, well out of the line of fire. It was agreed that Mr. Griggs was to drop the handkerchief.

The signal was about to be given. Mr. Marx glanced anxiously down the valley.

Suddenly the Count opened his revolver.

"You will pardon me, M. Le Mesurier, for interrupting, but my weapon does not appear to be properly locked. Yes, yes, it is right. Why, what is this?" He pulled out one of the cartridges. "There has been a mistake. These cartridges are blank! M. Le Mesurier, as a gentleman of honour, will you hand me your weapon?"

"Surely, surely, you are mistaken," cried Mr. Marx, his face going red and white in turn.

"Your Excellency, I beg you will acquit me of any dishonourable intention," cried Hyacinth. "Surely, it is only an unfortunate mistake." The Count was opening his opponent's revolver.

"Why, yes, M'sieu," he cried, with wide-eyed surprise. "You have blank as well. M. Marx, I am justified in asking if you are trying to befool us."

"No, no, your Excellency. It is most unfortunate. I assure you I had no idea that——"

"Will you bring me the case, M'sieu?" was the cutting reply.

And then, before the horror-stricken gaze of their seconds, the duellists loaded every chamber of their weapons with the ugly cartridges with the long leaden nose.

Griggs and Marx gazed despairingly down the cliff. The combatants again assumed their positions. With ashen face and trembling limbs, Griggs stood by with the handkerchief.

At last, at last! There was a sound of wheels below. Marx ran down the cliff path.

A tall woman, wrapped in furs, almost ran to meet him. He stopped her. For a moment they spoke together. The woman hastened on.

"It is La Favorita," exclaimed Hyacinth, dramatically, lowering his weapon.

"She has come to beg for mercy for you, M'sieu," sneered the Count.

"Your Excellency, that is ungracious. I will——"

The woman rushed between them.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," she cried, "I implore you. For the love of Heaven, drop these weapons. I am not worthy of the sacrifice of either of your lives."

Hyacinth appeared sincerely moved.

"Madame, it is impossible, but your tender thought, believe me, we both appreciate." The Count bowed.

"But you must not fight. You must not. I should kill myself with the horror if you were to die. Be friends again, I implore you."

"Madame, will you be so good as to stand aside? You are an abstraction. We are real."

A short man, whom Hyacinth afterwards knew to be the *Courier* reporter, led La Favorita firmly away. Griggs and Marx excitedly followed. The three stood conversing eagerly, the woman gesticulating passionately.

The little man seized the opportunity to return to the combatants.

"M'sieu," said the Count, "will you oblige us by dropping the handkerchief? Our honourable seconds have apparently taken fright."

In a moment the thing was done. The Count aimed slightly to the right of M. Le Mesurier, Hyacinth slightly to the right of his Excellency. The revolvers barked sharply.

All but the *Courier* reporter gazed transfixed with horror. Hyacinth dropped helplessly forward with a hoarse gulp. The Count staggered, raised his hand to his mouth, and collapsed in a heap that appeared to be all knees. So realistic was the acting that even the one spectator in the secret ran anxiously forward. Men appeared to spring up from everywhere.

At the crack of the pistols La Favorita had swooned. Shaking with fright, Griggs and Marx pulled her between them down the cliff path. The bodies were now surrounded by a knot of about a dozen men.

There was no sign of life in either, and no one seemed anxious to touch the corpses. At last the *Courier* man, after satisfying himself that La Favorita's car was well on its way, bent over the Count and whispered in his ear. "Nightmare Jim" quietly sat up and grinned. The men all involuntarily drew back. Then Hyacinth sat up and burst into a roar of laughter. The reporters stared from one man to the other in utter amazement.

"Nightmare Jim" languidly rose to his feet.

"Say, boys," he said, addressing them collectively, "this stunt about licks you, eh? You thought you were out for a bit of Stanley Weyman 'have-at-thee,' I dursay. Sorry it pans wrong for you. But me and our friend here—he's a sort of he-Ella Wheeler and I guess I'm just a bit of a near-sport—have what you might call put the full-house on La Fav's flush. There's no call for you to be going and getting the gumwillies about it. Just spread yourself out on 'Nightmare Jim's Big Bluff,' or 'The Batty Pote and the Raw Red Murderer in the Valle des Vaux.' Sakes, it 'ud go right across eight columns in my country. For further details, I refer you to my little friend here," he added, tapping the *Courier* man on the shoulder. "Come 'long, Hy, and thanks to everybody for a real dippy excursion."

. . . . . .

The following morning's newspapers turned two healthy men into invalids and one young woman into what "Nightmare Jim" might have called an "eye-snapper."

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Star-flowers Asleep on Silver-furrowed Seas

Photo *H. E. White and Co.*

A CINGALESE CANOE GLIDING THROUGH THE SURF AT WELLAWATTA, CEYLON

"Where the lips of the sands and the sea, lowly whispering, meet, and in a long kiss thrill"

New Sentiment—New Story

BY RENÉ BULL

MILITARY CYCLISTS

FOR HOME DEFENCE

BY A. H. TRAPMANN, CAPT. AND ADJT. 25th CYCLIST BATTALION (LONDON REGIMENT)

Cyclists for Coast Defence

MOST people are aware that our Territorial Army includes ten battalions of cyclists, but a good deal of ignorance is prevalent, even in military circles, as to the duties which have been allotted by the General Staff to this force of 5,230 cyclists.

London Cyclists on Parade: Subalterns Saluting the Commanding Officer

These ten battalions have been raised in sea-board counties for coast defence, with special reference to the defence at estuaries and coast-lines which offer facilities to an invading army. On our East Coast we have seven seaward areas which invite a landing. The coasts of Sussex and of a part of Devonshire rely for protection on the London and Devon cyclist battalions, whilst the Welsh coalfields look to the cyclists of Cardiff for defence in the hour of need.

Cyclist Vice Coastguardsman

It is a little-known fact that on mobilisation the whole of our coastguards would be withdrawn from their isolated patrols and concentrated at various posts along the coast; then the cyclist will replace the coastguardsman. By reason of his mobility and power of rapid concentration at any threatened point the cyclist is admirably adapted to this purpose. It only remains for him to acquire sufficient knowledge of "ships that pass in the night" to make him as efficient and as vigilant a guardian as is the ex-man-o'-warsman.

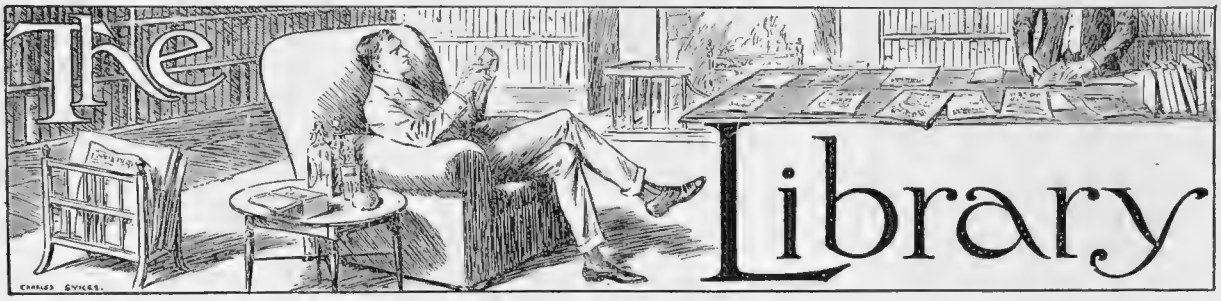
On mobilisation the local cyclist battalion will move direct through its area, with every by-lane of which it has an intimate knowledge, to the coast. At previously selected stations cyclist patrols will be posted until the whole sea-board of forty or fifty miles becomes one vast sentry-beat. A few miles inland, at suitable road-centres, larger bodies of cyclists will be concentrated, only waiting for the first hint of danger (be it received by motor-cycle, bicycle, or telegraph) to rush to the support of the patrols at a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. It is calculated that in most instances a battalion could effectually watch fifty miles of coast and be able to concentrate at any one portion thereof within four hours of the first warning.

Military Cycling Abroad

It is a matter for congratulation that our War Office has managed to make up its mind as to the duties allocated to cyclists sooner than the military authorities of foreign Powers. Even France, who has studied and experimented with cyclists for more than thirteen years now, has not yet quite decided to what rôle they are best suited in war time.

The Wheel Past!

It is a matter for regret, however, that we have no regular officers with experience of cyclist work. If we had, doubtless one of these would be sent to foreign army manœuvres for the next few years to watch the progress of military cycling abroad. This year, for instance, Italy will afford the most instructive school in which to study cyclist tactics, since six battalions of that crack corps, the Bersaglieri, are being converted into cyclists.



A Superstition of Fiction

It is all, really, very sad. For years, modern women have been striving to prove their ability to look after themselves in the world of work, and for years cynics have been busy proving the fair to be also the stronger sex. And yet, with all this, there are still novelists who will stick to the old-fashioned ideas. A pretty woman driven to earn her own living, *must*, they say, be the victim of the evil-minded, unscrupulous wooer; she must be, all the time, on the alert less harm befall her. In Mr. Horace Newte's *Sparrows* (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.)—an eminently readable and very realistic novel, forsooth—the heroine, fair Mavis Keeves, is quite on traditional lines. Down, down, down she sinks in the social scale even to the verge of shame and starvation—why? Because she will not allow even so much as the tip of a finger or the hair of her head to be defiled by the touch of presumptuous man. Penniless, she seeks a post as companion, and nearly gets it, but because of the desire on the part of the frivolous son of the possible employer to become her sweetheart, she spurns the opportunity, and enters a West-End shop of notoriously dark reputation. Here, again, after a week or two, the unscrupulous old manager attempts to kiss her haughty cheeks (in accordance with his invariable rule),—again exit.

The Cottage Home of Edward Fitzgerald at Woodbridge

In view of the Edward Fitzgerald Centenary celebrations, which are being held at Felixstowe last week, the above photograph will be of interest to the many admirers of the translator of Omar Khayyam

The Exits of Mavis

She next falls into the hands of a lady following the profession chiefly associated with the name of a Mrs. Warren, and while therein encounters a grown-up playmate of youth. He seeks the expected embrace, but, again, Mavis makes to be off—but not successfully. The man adheres to her for a few hours, and, quite honourably, proposes. But Mavis will not be touched, even honourably, by a man, so she definitely takes flight. And so on, and so on. Rather than be beholden to man for any one favour, she will allow herself to suffer unutterable degradation and the society of the worst women of her own sex, allowing her reputation to suffer untold injury by the contact. Lastly, however, she falls really in love, with another old-time schoolmate, this time to suffer actual wrong, sufferings described by Mr. Newte with realism of excessive acuteness. What sort of bearing has a story of this kind on life? Surely there is little fact and much superstition about Mr. Newte's picture. London men are by no means plaster saints; but the worst of these, before starting upon an adventure, seeks, in the woman he would devour, the *soupçon* of encouragement. Mr. Newte should know that the "don't-touch-me" young woman gets pretty well her way; she does not want lovers, and they do not want her. The popular novelist who believes that beauty alone, *sans* charm, *sans* sympathy, sets men's hearts aflame, is welcome to his belief, but he should not propagate it as gospel. Such a girl as Mavis Keeves would, probably, in the least reputable of London's by-ways, have been left most severely alone. Never a word comes from her mouth that reveals her to possess one ounce of attractiveness.

Wanted: The Other Side of the Picture

There have been many stories, latterly, of the life of the girl alone in London, and it is the invariable custom to embody in her all the virtues and the graces, and, in the men with whom she comes into contact, all the other things. Is it not time the males defended themselves? Is there not room for a few stories showing the other side of the picture—the innocent, virtuous young man and the dangers which confront *him* at the hands of the female vampires of London town? As for those much-talked-about shopwalkers and theatre managers, whose every thought is directed to victimising the young women whom they employ, or who seek employment; I have heard tell tales of quite a different kind, tales of shopwalkers and managers whose every thought is how to avoid those same young women, how, in their hours of ease, they rack their brains with schemes for avoiding those innocent young creatures, who would find it so very useful to become, either in actual or asserted fact, their "victims."

An Olden Time Romance

A stirring tale of olden times is Edgar Swan's *The Sword and the Cowl* (Digby, Long and Co.: 6*s*.). Here the author writes of the conquest of England by William of Normandy, of the brave stand made by the Saxons, of the love between a young Saxon knight and a pretty Norman maid, of the doughty deeds of Oswulf, the warrior-friar. Indeed, the book is brimful of exciting adventures.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

FIRST PACK TO FINISH HUNTING

LAST MEET OF THE SEASON WITH THE STEVENSTONE FOXHOUNDS

These Devonshire hounds were the first pack to finish the hunting season, holding their final meet at Petrockstow on the 15th inst. Mr. David Hornton is at present Master and huntsman of the hounds, which, for very many years, were kept up by the late Hon. Mark Kolle

HUNTING. By A. W. C.

The Season Ending Tamely

It is to be feared that the hunting season is finishing very tamely. This is not the fault of hounds or of foxes, but of the Englishman's old and sworn enemy—the weather. March has been about as bad as it can be for followers of hounds, and many of the keenest of the keen in the Shires and elsewhere have departed from the sphere of foxhunting in sheer disgust at the exasperating loss of sport. The London clubs have been crowded this month with an unexpected rush of disappointed foxhunters from the chief hunting centres, and it has been rather pathetic day after day to see them discussing the prospects of the few remaining weeks in which they can hope to enjoy the noble sport. With backs to the fire and morose expressions they have dejectedly discussed the unpromising situation, and if that nebulous individual, the Clerk of the Weather, can have heard the uncomplimentary remarks passed about him, he will surely have gained the idea that hunting people are a decidedly vindictive and unpleasant lot of fellows.

Shropshire Affairs

It is satisfactory to see that the North Shropshire people have settled the important question of the future hunting of the country. From all accounts they have actually grown tired of having all their expenses paid for them! For ten years Mr. Frank Bibby has carried on the pack without asking its followers for a penny-piece in the shape of subscriptions, excepting to the poultry fund. No more ideal state of affairs could be imagined from the average rider's point of view, but apparently there are a number of members of the Hunt who are quite willing to subscribe so long as they can have a voice in the management of affairs, and so it comes about that Capt. Heywood Lonsdale has been appointed to the Mastership in succession to Mr. Frank Bibby, and is to receive a subscription of £1,300 per annum for hunting three days a week. The son of a famous former Master of the North Shropshire Hunt, and brother of the popular Master of the Bicester, Captain Henry Heywood Lonsdale undoubtedly comes of irreproachable hunting stock. He is one of the most important landowners in the district hunted over by the hounds, and all who know him are agreed that he should make an excellent M.F.H. He is no novice in the management of a hunting country, as he held the leadership of the Hunt for the season following the death of his father. Altogether, then, we may look forward with confidence to Captain Heywood Lonsdale's success in his new office.

Sir William Cooke

A keen Yorkshire sportsman, who has just accepted the joint Mastership of the Southwold Foxhounds. On the left is Mrs. Wickham-Boynton, a well-known follower of the Holderness Hounds

Some Presentations

As usual at the end of the hunting season, there will be a number of presentations to retiring Masters and outgoing huntsmen. From Ireland comes the news that Mr. Richard Burke is to receive a suitable testimonial from the members of the Tipperary Hunt, and never was such a token of appreciation more richly deserved. During his lengthy Mastership of the pack Mr. Burke has entirely revolutionised foxhunting in Tipperary, and is certainly one of the most successful Masters of hounds on the Irish list. Mr. Frank Bibby, too, is to receive a testimonial from the members of the North Shropshire Hunt, and this, I hear, will take the shape of the Master's portrait, painted by an eminent artist. In Co. Galway they have recently presented a testimonial to Mr. Isaac Bell, in the form of a silver statuette of a fox. Mr. Bell hunted the "Blazers" for five seasons, and is now Master of the Kilkenny Hunt. The popularity he has won in Ireland is amazing. Perhaps this is partially due to the fact that he is an American, for undoubtedly Irishmen have a warm corner in their hearts for their Transatlantic visitors. It always strikes me as a little curious that so many Englishmen should now be hunting hounds in Ireland, as the native mind is not at all amiable towards us, particularly in the south-western corner of the island. Irishmen, maybe, will indignantly deny this imputation, but it is an impression one has gained in passing a month or two of the hunting season in Kilkenny.

The Coming Polo Season

There is a close affinity between hunting and polo, and a great many riders to hounds, disgusted with the unfavourable conditions marking the closing stages of the winter season, are turning active attention to their ponies. The season at the London clubs does not begin until May 1, but in the provinces there is some good practice to be got during April, and players are hoping that the weather will improve sufficiently to enable them to get some play on the Rugby, Blackmore Vale, and other grounds before the time comes for them to bring their ponies to Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. An interesting item of polo news comes from India to the effect that the 10th Hussars have carried off the Inter-regimental Tournament there for the third consecutive year. Beyond question this is a fine polo regiment, for there are some very good military teams in India just now, including the 15th Hussars, who won the Inter-regimental in India four seasons in succession, and the 17th Lancers, who won the Army Championship in England for a couple of seasons prior to leaving on foreign service.

GOLF.

BY ERNEST LEHMANN

Improving One's Game

All those whose duty, pleasure, or profession it is to write concerning a game are occasionally placed in the position of a sort of father confessor. Unhappy souls, striving with the difficulties and complexities of a game, turn at times for relief and aid to the journalist who, by his air of omniscience in descanting on the subject, seems to their fevered imagination to hold the key to the problems that are vexing them. Heaven forbid that I should lay even the shadow of a claim to such a desirable possession as the aforesaid key. Only the other day I had to deny the impeachment of a new acquaintance that my name was familiar to him as the writer of a treatise on the game. I explained at once that I was in the happy position of being one of the few people who had not committed this grave indiscretion, and that I limited my misdemeanours in this direction to the pages of THE BYSTANDER. I grieved over my new friend's mistake, for it showed, incidentally, that he had committed the unpardonable offence of not reading THE BYSTANDER. But, however circumscribed my activities as a golfing writer may be, they still occasionally bring me the confession of some unhappy toiler on the hilly road of golfing efficiency. One such confession seems to me to be a fit subject for my weekly *causerie*. In this case my correspondent had arrived at a certain proficiency in the game, for his handicap would have placed him in the senior division of any club where medal competitions are separated into two classes, seniors and juniors. I fancy the dividing line usually is placed at the twelve handicap mark, and my correspondent had come a few points inside that mark.

R. C. Bourne, the Oxford Stroke

The man who has got to keep cool

The Oxford Eight Turning, During One of its Early Trips (in a Blizzard) on the Tideway

Owing to indisposition and other causes, four different men occupied the bow thwart at different times during last week's practice

A. W. Donkin, the Oxford Cox

The man who never gets warm

On Change of Tuition

The advice he sought from me was whether, in order to improve his game, he should not boldly seek fresh woods and pastures new, quit his own course, his club professional, and friends, and put himself under the tuition of a famous professional, one of the first four players of the day, for at least a month. Here, at any rate, we have a resolute spirit, not shrinking from any sacrifice of time, convenience, or money in the sacred cause of self-improvement. Now on this very question which my correspondent propounded to me I happen to hold very strong convictions. I have no belief in heroic remedies at golf. When a man has arrived at a handicap below twelve it means that he has played some time, that he has adopted and made natural to himself a certain style of play, and that a fresh golf doctor who has had no opportunity of watching the development of this style may possibly do more harm than good. It must always be remembered that the ratio of progress from a handicap of eighteen to one of ten is, at least, twice as quick as that from one of ten to one of two. Just as in an ocean greyhound the extra knots are gained by an enormously increased consumption of fuel and increase of engine-power, so the last points in a player's handicap, bringing him to the coveted scratch mark, are knocked off with greatly increased difficulty.

Against Heroic Remedies

I therefore counselled my correspondent against his heroic remedies, and advised him to cultivate the improvement of his game by the aid of his excellent local professional and by playing with those among his friends who were better players than himself, and getting hints and advice from them. Nothing is more fatal than for a player with a settled style to go to some great expert and have his style entirely uprooted. The last state of that man will be worse than the first. Naturally, some styles are so bad that the player will never improve, but such a case is hopeless, for he will be unable to make any use of another style. The important point, of course, is to seek a good model at the start, a model likely to suit the beginner's physical peculiarities, and to stick to that example. In that way a good and suitable style will be built up. Remember always that style is a good servant and an extremely bad master.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Guy's Wins the Hospitals Cup

The uncertainty of Inter-Hospital Rugger is almost as proverbial as the uncertainty of the 'Varsity cricket match, and, therefore, although Guy's had established themselves as favourites for the final by somewhat unexpectedly beating London, the holders, earlier in the competition, there was always a possibility that Middlesex, with their sturdy pack and sound defence, might effect another mild surprise. However, any chance they had of doing this vanished with the disablement of one of their centre three-quarters, Howell Gabe, who had to go off about twenty minutes after the start, with the result that Harrison had to be taken from the scrum to fill his place. Up to that point Middlesex had not only kept Guy's out, but had done some attacking on their own account, but between the happening of Gabe's accident and half-time, Guy's scored twice, and in the second half their attacks were more frequent and more successful, so that when the end came they had added five more tries. With eight men against seven, their forwards, though no better in the loose, generally controlled the scrums, and their heeling was smart enough to enable the backs to have quite a good time. Of the halves, Medlock played particularly well, and brought off one very fine unaided run. Lee, in the centre of the three-quarter line, was excellent, and combined well with the other centre, J. P. Jones, while the crack wing man, Stringer, though he got comparatively few chances, made the most of them.

The Ubiquitous Penny

On the losing side, W. M. Penny (centre three quarter) was head and shoulders above the rest. After his fellow-centre had left his position was an onerous one, and he seemed to realise that he had got to be wherever the ball was. It is by no means easy to play this roving type of game with success, but Penny was skilful enough to do it, and whenever anything good, either in attack or defence, was done by his side he was always in it. It was a curious thing that, though several tries were scored in easy positions, and there was little or no wind, not one of them was converted, and when the seventh and last try went the way of its predecessors, quite a little ripple of ironical laughter went round the ground. But the winners atoned for their weakness in goal-placing by their excellence in other respects.

A Feint that Failed

An incident in the Inter-Ho pitals Cup Final at Richmond, when Guy's beat Middlesex by seven tries to nil

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Englishwomen, as a rule, possess beautiful hair (or the possibilities of beautiful hair), and have done so from time immemorial.

There must be something in our moist atmosphere which enhances its softness and lustre and silky texture. But they do not cultivate it as they might.

But when the hair of the Englishwoman or girl—or man—does get this daily scientific attention, how beautiful does it become! It is full of hidden sunshine, and the daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" bring out this natural light and glowing lustre.

Whether the hair is chestnut brown, or black as jet, or golden bright, as though it had been drenched in liquid sunshine, this inward radiance is always present in healthy hair, and can be developed by any woman within a few days by practising for a couple of minutes every day the famous "Harlene Hair-Drill."

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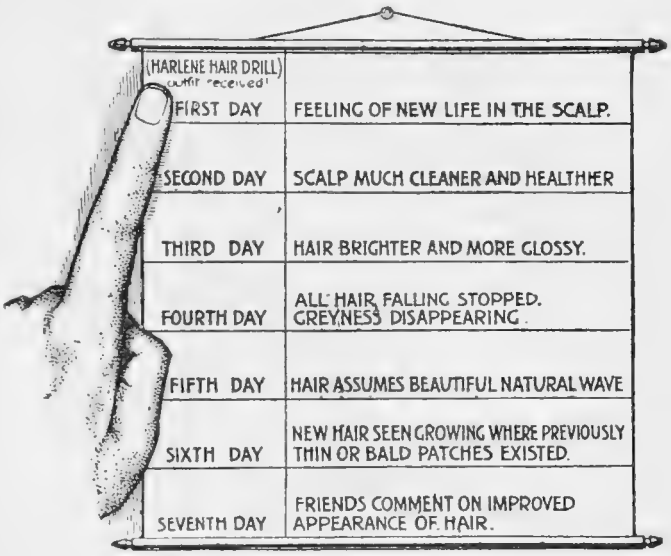

N.B.—By means of the coupon, any reader of this journal may obtain a complete outfit for a week's Hair-Drill Free of all Charge.

A Seven Days' Free Test

Hundreds of men and women are doing this at the present moment. Troubled with Thin or Falling Hair, or attacked by Scurf or Premature Greyness (and all greyness is premature, seeing that Hair-Drill enables the hair to retain its colour up to old age), they have obtained one of the free "Harlene Seven Days' Hair-Drill Trial Outfits" (you can obtain one of these outfits for yourself, free of all charge, by means of the coupon at the foot of this article), and at the end of a week their friends have congratulated them upon the marvellous improvement in their appearance. You can do the same yourself. Get one of these Trial Outfits—it will cost you nothing—and practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a couple of minutes every morning. You begin directly you receive your outfit (full directions will be sent with each), and all the rest of the day you will be conscious of a healthy and pleasant influence at work on your scalp and at the roots of your hair. It is a delightful sensation. A gentle, tingling glow suffuses your whole scalp. Any irritation previously present is instantly banished. Your hair seems altogether stronger and brighter. And this on the *First Day* of the Treatment.

About the *Third* or *Fourth* Day all falling or thinning will have completely stopped, and scurf-deposits will have ceased to form, whilst *at the end of the week* your hair will be growing rapidly (even on the bald places), and greatly improving both in colour and in lustrous beauty and abundance.

Test this for yourself. Try it for a week. If you accept the offer given here to-day you can test the merits of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" at Mr. Edwards' own expense. Fill up the coupon given below and send it to the address given, together with threepence in stamps to cover the carriage, and you will be sent in return, free of any charge or obligation, a supply of "Harlene" sufficient for a week's "Hair-Drill," together with a book containing the full directions for this best of all methods of cultivating the beauty and strength and health and luxuriance of the hair.

Or you may—if you conveniently can—bring this coupon personally to the address given below, and you will be handed the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit in exchange. In this case, of course, you will save the three stamps for postage.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from ordinary enterprising chemists or stores, or it will be sent direct (and free of postage), on receipt of postal order, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GROWS NEW HAIR IN SEVEN DAYS.

"The Bystander," March 24, 1909.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London.

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RACING. By CARBINE

THE GRAND NATIONAL

The Luck of the Race

One is always more or less lucky in finding the winner of the Grand National. So many things happen to upset the nicest calculations. Nothing is more certain than that the best horse at the weights does not invariably win. Time after time we have seen animals robbed of their chance in the most unlucky manner, not by any fault of their own, but by being knocked over by a swerving runner or by coming to grief over a prostrate opponent on the landing side of a fence. The Grand National course, in all conscience, is severe enough as it stands, but the probabilities of misadventure in the race add enormously to the difficulty of forecasting the result. And so when you do find the winner, no matter what his price may be, you reckon yourself doubly fortunate. The scene at Liverpool on Grand National day is not readily to be forgotten. The dense crowd is not really a gambling crowd such as the "unco' guid" represents it to be. Naturally it has its varied opinions of the merits of the competitors, and has the courage to support them.

A Sporting Crowd

Nor is the crowd a "picnic" crowd like that at the Epsom Derby—it is the wrong time of the year for that. On the contrary, it is probably the most genuinely sporting gathering of the whole racing season. The people go to Aintree to see the best horse win the greatest steeplechase in the world, and if the winner happens to be a Rubio at 66 to 1 they give him a good cheer all the same. You cannot see many of the jumps clearly from the stands. The excitement holds good the whole time. In the far distance there is a blur of colour as the horses approach their fence. One disappears, then another. You see them go, but it is too far away properly to distinguish which they are, and so it is a grand succession of thrills and alarums until "all but the good ones are weeded at last," and the select few fight out the finish. This year many people are telling us that Lutteur III. will win *if he stands up*. A pretty safe proviso! But will he stand up? Brilliant young jumper he is, undoubtedly. Perhaps the best in England over a "drawing-room" course. But he will find Aintree very different from Hurst Park and from the courses he has been jumping over in France. Then, again, his jockey, Parfrement, has had absolutely no experience of riding in the Grand National. Of course, some jockeys have won this race at the first attempt, but it is peculiarly an event in which experience counts, and so old hands like Mr. Hastings, Bissill, Mason, R. Morgan, Newey, etc., must obviously hold an advantage over Parfrement. If Lutteur III. is good enough to win in spite of these drawbacks, it will be something more than a big performance—it will be a wonder.

Prince Hatzfeldt, Owner of Ascetic's Silver
Who carries top-weight in Friday's great steeplechase

What Will Win?

In my earliest glance at the prospects of the race in these columns the horses for which a preference was expressed were Rubio, Mattie Macgregor, Tom West, and King of the Scarlets. The last is to be reserved for the big steeplechase at Manchester, and I shall stick to at least two of the others. Unfortunately, Rubio now seems to be rather a forlorn hope in view of his recent lameness. I never saw a National winner so absolutely fresh after the contest as Rubio was last year. It would be madness to ignore him this season had he been quite sound, and now that he is rather under a cloud one naturally turns to Mattie Macgregor, who followed him home in 1908. This mare would now be favourite if the French horse had not made such a startling first appearance in England, and I am prepared to see her in first request when the flag falls. Tom West is an old-stager, who knows this course, and others whose chances I rather like are Caubeen and Domino. For actual success I look to **Mattie Macgregor**, and reluctantly passing over Rubio solely on account of his doubtful soundness, I expect TOM WEST and DOMINO to run best of the others. Horses out of condition will make flat-racing form a trifle mixed in the first week of the season, and it is with some diffidence that one approaches the Liverpool Spring Cup on Thursday. If **Lucus**, who missed the Lincolnshire, is started for this race he should be worth following. In his absence I should choose **Simonson**.

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1909

"*The Sketch*," *January 13, 1909, says*:—

"This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book, while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

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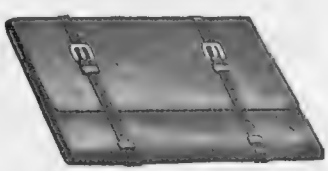

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LAWN TENNIS

Young Germany

F. W. Rahe, whose portrait appears on this page, is a young German player who has been residing in England for some time and working hard, at Queen's Club and elsewhere, to improve his game. His diligence has not been thrown away, for on the Riviera, where he is now "doing the round," he may be said to have "arrived." Besides winning two first-class handicaps in succession—always a difficult feat—he has done well in level competition against the cracks. Against H. L. Doherty, at Monte Carlo, he was only beaten 7—5 in one set and 6—4 in another, and against M. J. G. Ritchie, at Mentone, he won a set, and, though ultimately beaten in the decider, he had at one time established a useful lead, when one of those *contretemps* occurred which so often upset a player's equanimity, and which may possibly have affected the result on this occasion. What apparently happened was that, when Rahe was leading by 4—1 in the final set, the referee suddenly came forward and informed him that he was making footfaults while serving, and that if he continued to do so he (the referee) would have to disqualify him. Of course, this zealous and doubtless well-meaning official was acting under an entire misconception of his powers and duties. A referee can only interfere in a match (except upon a point of discipline) when appealed to upon a question of law.

F. W. Rahe

A young German player, who has come to the front on the Riviera and will be a champion some day

A Short Sermon on Refereeing

The question whether a player is footfaulting or not is a question of fact, and the decision of that question rests solely with the umpire, or, if linesmen are being employed, with the base-linesmen. Even if appealed to as to whether a man is footfaulting or not the referee ought, properly, only to expound and (if he chooses) illustrate the law on the subject. He should tell the umpire the various things that constitute a footfault, and then say: "If, *in your opinion*, this player is, as a matter of fact, doing any of these things, then you ought to footfault him." At Mentone, however, the referee (who, by the way, was an honorary, and not a professional, referee) did not even wait to be appealed to; moreover, he appears to have threatened Rahe with disqualification, and, wide as a referee's powers are, they do not include disqualification for footfaulting. No one, of course, can say that Rahe would have won had the *contretemps* not occurred; but, at any rate, he came so near to winning that after this and his other good performances he is entitled to be included in the select band of younger players to whom we are looking so anxiously to maintain the standard of their older rivals.

The Garden

Begonias, Fibrous—Rooted and Tuberous

It is not much use keeping the winter-flowering begonias, such as the beautiful Gloire de Lorraine, after the first year, for they are rarely worth growing when they have finished flowering. They should be cut back rather hard in order to induce strong shoots to start from the base, and these shoots, when about three inches in length, should be taken off and used as cuttings—inserted firmly in boxes of light soil, covered with glass, and kept warm, moist, and shaded until they are rooted, when they should be transferred singly to small pots. If any of them, instead of growing, show a tendency to flower prematurely, they should be rejected, for they will never become fine plants. These begonias require rather a high temperature and plenty of moisture while they are growing, but during the summer they may be put outside in a sheltered corner, as exposure to the air will strengthen the growth. Like all fibrous-rooted plants, they should be grown in firm soil; if it is loose the shoots are apt to become long and weak. Tuberous begonias, placed in boxes a fortnight ago, are already showing signs of growth. If others are wanted, they should be procured without delay. The crispas are much to be preferred to the ordinary singles. Being newer, they are more expensive, but with their curled and fringed petals they are infinitely more beautiful than the great, flat, regular flowers of the latter. They also have very short stalks, a great advantage for bedding plants, as they are less liable to be damaged by wind or rain. The majority of doubles, on the other hand, are so weak that it is useless to attempt to grow them in the open air.

Preparations for Summer Bedding

The propagation of bedding plants still occupies a good deal of time. The work is often undertaken without any clear idea of the special requirements of the grounds. We have escaped from the thrall of the lobelia, the geranium, and the calceolaria, row behind row, blue and red and yellow, but there is still far too much mere imitation, far too little originality. The beds in one garden are very much like those in another, though the surroundings may be totally different. Yet it does not by any means follow that, because a certain arrangement looks well in one position, it must look well in any other. Bright colouring, for example, is often necessary to light up a partly shaded bed, especially when the background is heavy, but the same colouring may be garish in strong sunshine, and some relief would certainly be desired in a hot summer.

H. C. Davidson.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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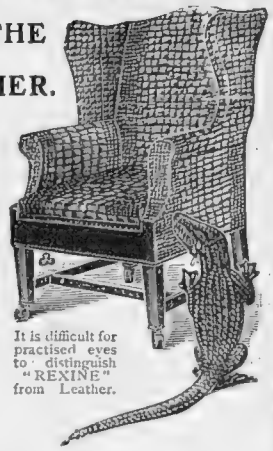

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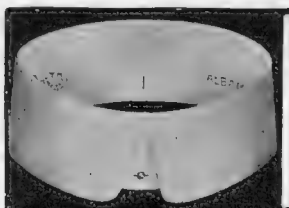

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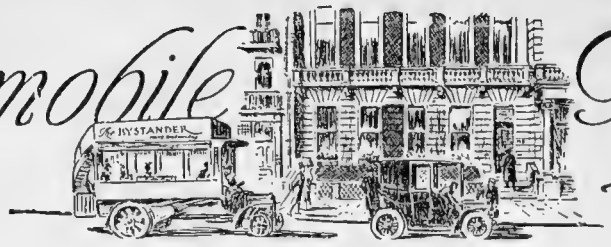

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The R.A.C. Dinner The twelfth annual dinner of the Royal Automobile Club was held on Thursday last at the Covent Garden Theatre, and proved to be one of the most successful and brilliant functions that the Club has held. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales honoured the gathering with his presence, and the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis de Soveral, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Farquhar, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and the Marquess of Stafford were among the many distinguished guests. Prince Francis of Teck, as Chairman of the R.A.C., presided at the dinner, and the function proved delightfully informal owing to a Royal request that the speech list might be cut down. For the purposes of the dinner, the whole horseshoe-shaped floor of the Opera House was converted into a banqueting hall, and was marvellously well-dressed in gala attire for the occasion. One of the chief details in the decoration scheme was an excellent representation of the Club's badge in flowers. The dinner came to a close by 10 o'clock, and was followed by an entertainment, the arrangements for which were carried out by Mr. Alfred Butt, of the Palace Theatre. Many talented artists contributed to the entertainment. Misses Maud Allan, Margaret Cooper, Vesta Tilley; and Messrs. Harry Lauder and Arthur Prince being among those who contributed to a most excellent programme.

England's First Aeroplane Show Friday's opening of the Aero Show at Olympia attracted general interest. The importance of the scheme can hardly be over-rated from a national point of view. It will be remembered that over a year ago France gave the lead in this direction at the Paris Salon, but the exhibits then were not in any sense international. At Olympia, which remains open until March 27, the bi-plane type of flying machine predominates, no fewer than six exhibits of this kind being on view. Foremost among these is Mr. Moore Brabazon's machine, with an engine of 80 h.-p., with which he attained his recent successes in France. Mr. Howard Wright's bi-plane, with its two novel wide propellers set one behind the other, and driven by a 50 h.-p. motor, attracts a good deal of attention, as does also Captain Windham's machine. Another important exhibit is the Delagrange bi-plane, which has aroused so much interest in France during the last few months, during which it has made several successful flights. The Aero Club exhibits include a model of Mr. Wilbur Wright's machine, which, of course, draws a great number of visitors to its neighbourhood. The Esnault-Pelterie monoplane, too, comes in for a good share of attention, the peculiar appearance of its rudder, resembling a bird's tail, rousing public curiosity. In

General View of the Aero Show at Olympia

Taken early on the opening morning, March 19. Nine man-carrying aeroplanes are on exhibition, besides thirty models, some of them displaying great ingenuity

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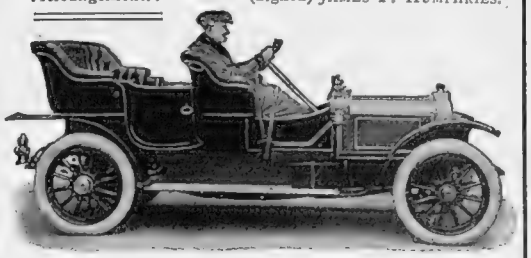

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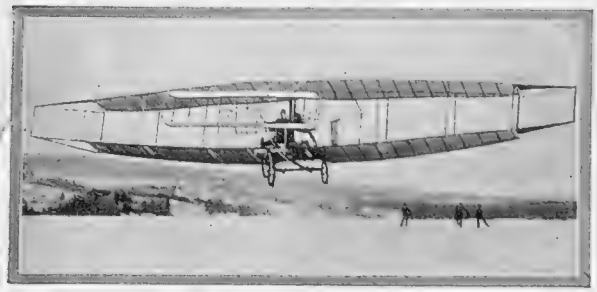
addition to Mr. Howard Wright's aeroplane, Britain is represented by Messrs. Short Brothers' skeleton type of machine, which has a set of four rudders at the rear. The Simms' bi-plane is another exhibit of the popular Voisin type. The De La Hault aeroplane can, perhaps, lay claim to having one of the highest-powered engines in the show, a motor of 100 h.-p. being fitted to this machine.

A. A. Automobilisation

On pages 578 and 579 of this issue of THE BYSTANDER reference is made to the memorable transportation of a mixed battalion of H.M. Guards from London to Hastings on St. Patrick's Day. In



Mr. Graham Bell's Nova Scotian Aeroplane, which was referred to in last week's issue of "The Bystander"

company with some fifteen hundred other patriotic enthusiasts I arose early in the morning, like Moses of old, and reported myself at headquarters. The weather was brilliantly fine, although extremely keen and cold, and it was noticeable that all concerned were in the best of spirits. Colonel Arthur Du Cros, M.P. for Hastings, who, with Colonel W. J. Bosworth and the officials of the Automobile Association, was mainly responsible for the inception of the scheme, was at Chelsea Barracks long before eight o'clock, and the work of marshalling the 300 cars, which had been lent by members of the "A.A.," and the incarment—if I may coin a word—of a thousand officers and men was quickly and efficiently got through under the direction of Mr. Charles Jarrott, Mr. Stenson Cooke, Mr. Alec. Mosses, and other willing and capable volunteers. By 9 a.m. all were on the way, the arrival at Hastings being timed for 1.30. p.m. The story of the day's happenings has been told in almost every newspaper throughout the land, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to dwell in detail upon particular incidents. I may however, refer briefly to one or two points which struck me as we journeyed down. The first was that, despite the enormous number of people who thronged the route, no injury to life or limb was occasioned. This is the more remarkable because it was tacitly understood that for the time being the legal speed limit of twenty miles an hour was practically in abeyance. Many—I might almost say all—of the drivers took advantage of this, and gave a really wonderful proof of the extreme mobility and tractableness of the automobile. Passing through towns and townships like Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, Pembury, and Lamberhurst, where the inhabitants turned out *en masse* to see the gallant Guards go through, many of the cars whizzed along at a fairly high rate of speed, but in no single instance was any damage done. This, I hope, will be remembered to the credit of the motor-car when the question of the abolition of the speed-limit again comes up for consideration. Another thing which impressed me was the extreme cordiality which prevailed on all sides. Not only were police, public, and motorists in perfect accord, but even erstwhile dissentient units in the automobile camp co-operated with the most hearty sincerity. As an instance, I may mention that two prominent members of the Motor Union, Mr. J. A. Wilding, M.I.M.E., and Mr. Whitcomb, lent valuable assistance to the Automobile Association, and cheerfully gave their cars and their services to the good cause. As I forecasted a week ago, a highly useful and instructive object-lesson was taught, and the thanks of the whole community are due to the gentlemen who originated and organised a most successful undertaking. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

THE 12-16 h.-p. FOUR-CYLINDER DELAHAYE at £350 is a high-class small car. — Write for particulars to H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Miscellanea

Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., are holding an efficiency test of their 18-22 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth car, under the supervision of the Royal Automobile Club, at Brooklands to-morrow (Thursday) and on Friday, March 26.

New Zealand has accomplished an official trial of automobiles under the auspices of the Canterbury A.C., under conditions which, for severity, have probably never been equalled, river-fording and stiff hill-climbing forming part of the programme. Awards were given for general suitability, reliability, and economy in petrol consumption, and in all cases the 15 h.-p. Clement-Talbot cars took highest honours, first, second, and third prizes falling to these excellent cars.

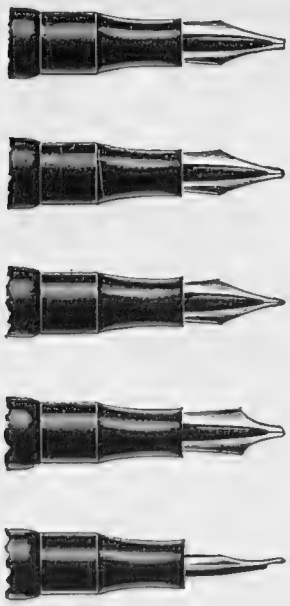
The Allen-Liversidge Front Wheel Brake Company have written to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., in high praise of the 15 h.-p. Humber car they have used in their tests. The car has run over 6,000 miles, and has cost only £9 7s. 6d. for tyres, and not one penny for repairs.

The Kempshall Tyre Company recently gave a remarkable demonstration of the non-slipping properties of their tyres

The tests were carried out under the observation of the R.A.C., and were remarkably successful

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot has decided to terminate the existence of the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate in order that there shall in future be no clashing with the Clement-Talbot interests. Lord Shrewsbury will now give his attention to the affairs of the Clement-Talbot Company, and arrangements have been made for that Company to undertake all repairs and adjustments of cars purchased through the B.A.C.S., which has gone into voluntary liquidation as a purely legal formality.

JERMYN STREET MOTOR REPAIR WORKS, if you are buying or selling a NEW or SECOND-HAND CAR, give *unbiassed* advice, and supply *any* Car. CARS FOR HIRE. Address, Wells Street, Jermyn Street, S.W. 4757 Mayfair.

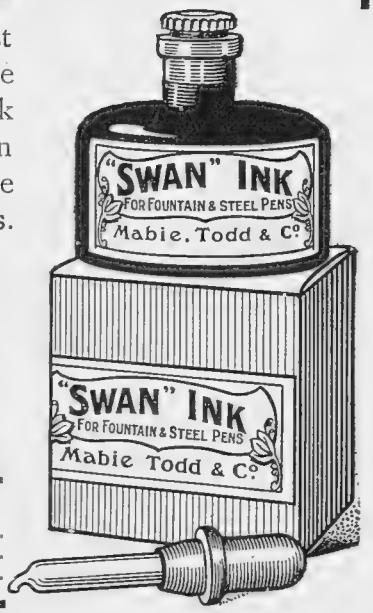


The first cost to you of nearly all fountain pens is about the same;

start off with

THE "SWAN"

however, which will give the best value. You select the nib and fill the pen occasionally with "Swan" Ink (a simple matter), and it will soon make manifest the time and trouble it saves and the comfort it gives.



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By MRS. JACK MAY

My dissertation this week will be laid down strictly on the lines of accomplished facts. It has not been by any means the easiest of tasks lately to discuss the modes of the moment, with so much still in the air. Therefore the present vista pleases me. Primarily, I would direct your attention to the last design in motoring attire at

Messrs. Alfred Dunhill's, 2, Conduit Street

Without any attempt to depart from the wise tracks of sense and comfort, it is generally admitted that the motoring attire turned out by this firm for fair feminine motorists is essentially smart, and boasting that air of exclusiveness only procurable under good and reliable auspices.

We have in the accompanying pictures two practical spring motoring wraps, with headgear of sympathetic character. Of these the first, worn with a hat, the "Antelope," built of antelope skin, is a model expressly designed for silk rubber, but copied, if desired, in Gloria silk or natural waterproof material. The collar is a special feature, and fastens, when occasion demands, close round the throat, while the Raglan sleeve is similarly regulated by means of an adjustable strap and buttons. A more workmanlike wrap it would be impossible to find, and yet, by virtue of some indefinable sartorial subtlety, the *ensemble* appeals as singularly elegant.

To the companion coat there is attached the title of the "Princesse." A charming dust-wrap this, of heavy tussore silk, ornamented with cords and buttons of the same material, and arranged with a plastron front and back, which imparts a delightful shapeliness to the figure. And to go with this Messrs. Dunhill have devised the "Cecilia," which they call a mushroom hat, carried out in narrow accordion-pleated silk trimmed velvet and silk in tone. And the price, too, 29*s.* 6*d.*, deserves attention, since it is extraordinarily moderate for a specialised model.

Although Mr. Alfred Dunhill, the presiding spirit of the house, does not attempt popular prices, his aim is to afford his clients complete satisfaction. A merely bubble reputation has no attraction for a sound British enterprise of the Dunhill type.

The Effect of Mr. Nestlé's Hair Manipulation

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar at 245, Oxford Street)

An Interview with Mr. Nestlé, 245, Oxford Street

In the curtailed space at command it is impossible to enter into a detailed account of Mr. Nestlé's process beyond a brief explanation that the treatment, which lasts two hours, or thereabouts, comprises the twisting of the hair in a peculiar way round Nestlé's curlers, which are then damped with the Texture fluid and placed in asbestos tubes and subjected to heat, through the means of electricity. Thus the *modus operandi* at 245, Oxford Street, where Mr. Nestlé is the sole operating hand. After the waving the hair is subjected to a severe shampoo, a test that effectually reveals anything faulty in the application, which guarantees to put the hair, by scientific means, in precisely the same condition as though Nature had done the work herself. Mr. Nestlé, however, in a simply written treatise, which can be had for the asking at 245, Oxford Street, explains without any reserve the cause and effect, the only detail he retains to himself being the exact nature of the liquid used, the outcome of years of hard study and labour.

Mr. Nestlé does not pretend for a moment—in fact, everything he does and says appeals as persuasively single in purpose—to produce the Marcel wave, but, as may be judged by the adjoined faithful portraiture, the effect, by a slight amount of manipulation, is practically the same, to which is added the advantage that it is permanent.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 277.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, March 24. 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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With or without excellent partridge and pheasant shooting.

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Also grassland to almost any quantity by arrangement, including use of excellent training grounds. If required 1,000 acres of some of the best partridge and covert shooting in the county can be included.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, who have inspected.

SURREY HILL, 600ft. UP.

£130 PER ANN., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN and ¾ mile from station. 3 excellent reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES.

—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

INTERSECTED BY TROUT STREAM.

45 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

£3,300 FOR CHARMING OLD RESIDENCE and 16 acres.

Special bargain price for immediate sale of Property recently submitted to Auction.

3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall and offices.

STABLING FOR 4, 2 COTTAGES,

Small farmery. About 3 acres of

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD GROUNDS,

shady croquet lawn, walled kitchen garden, greenhouse, rookery, and orchards. Several enclosures of meadow-land intersected for a ¼ of a mile by a sporting stream affording trout fishing. Close to village.

HUNTING.

—Sole Agents, Messrs. COBB, 53, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

FAVOURITE PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE.
30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE STYLE RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 8 acres, including a SHADY DELL OF 2½ ACRES,

forming a most delightful retreat. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling. To be SOLD at a price which means a CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,757)

NEARLY 800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND THE COAST.

FOR SALE, the above picturesque RESIDENCE in an ideal situation, with South aspect: 4 reception, billiard, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 8; tastefully arranged pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 21 acres; Company's water; acetylene gas; close to excellent golf links.—Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,924)

HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

£1,450 WILL PURCHASE the above old-fashioned stone-built HOUSE, with about 2 acres of grounds: 5 reception, 8 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings; the gardens contain some fine ornamental trees and shrubs, large tennis court, and well-stocked flower and kitchen gardens; golf; hunting; more land can be purchased if desired.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,215)

FARM OF 170 ACRES, WITH GOOD FARMHOUSE.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—On high ground; 2 miles from station; well fenced and watered; arable and old pasture; possession Michaelmas. For SALE, Freehold.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

OVERLOOKING RICHMOND PARK.

25 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO (1 mile from station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above well-planned RESIDENCE, standing in delightful old grounds of 3 acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, drawing and dining rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; the House is heated by hot-water pipes; stabling for 3, coach-house, harness-room, and coachman's cottage; beautifully timbered grounds, large lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubbery walks; gardener's cottage; close to golf links; gravel soil.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,159)

TOWN HOUSES FOR SALE.

READY FOR OCCUPATION.

EATON SQUARE.—The low figure of £3,500 will be accepted for a moderate-sized RESIDENCE in this position, having an extremely open outlook, and containing: 9 bedrooms, 2 baths, 5 reception rooms, billiard room. Strongly recommended. (8,396)

BUCKINGHAM GATE.—The FREEHOLD of one of the best of these fine PROPERTIES can be ACQUIRED at a greatly reduced price; splendid entertaining rooms and about 15 bedrooms. (7,165)

CHESTERFIELD STREET (Mayfair).—A charming BACHELOR'S RESIDENCE to be LET on Lease; well fitted, and in good order. (8,321)

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—Direct LEASE for SALE of a most cheerful HOUSE, in perfect order and ready for occupation: 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 reception rooms. (8,052)

BERKELEY SQUARE.—Trust LEASE for SALE of an expensively fitted modern Town RESIDENCE, containing: 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms. Low Ground Rent. (8,349)

AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.

BERKELEY SQUARE.—Charming small HOUSE in this position for SALE; in beautiful order. (8,308)

RUTLAND GATE (an enjoyable position overlooking Hyde Park).—To be SOLD, one of these favourite HOUSES, with good entertaining facilities. (8,411)

WITHIN 10 MINUTES' DRIVE OF THE MARBLE ARCH.

£750 WILL PURCHASE the LEASE of a very attractive HOUSE, with good garden and studio: 5 or 6 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms. (6,636)

MONTAGUE PLACE.—£2,500 will PURCHASE the LEASE of a well-arranged RESIDENCE, recently modernised and decorated: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms. (7,980)

PORTLAND PLACE.

£1,800 ONLY WILL BUY the direct LEASE of one of these important HOUSES, containing: 6 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 5. (6,846)

PORTLAND PLACE.—For SALE, a delightful ADAMS HOUSE, expensively fitted and decorated regardless of cost: 4 splendid reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, boxroom, etc.; stabling for 3 horses. (8,401)

ON THE EDGE OF A COMMON.—A thoroughly up-to-date, well-planned HOUSE: 3 reception, 9 bed, bath, greenhouse, detached stabling, tennis lawn, electric light. Fine train service from Barnes. Lease, £2,700, or Rent, £180. (8,481)

Full particulars of the above at Offices, 9, Conduit Street, W.

COTTESMORE, QUORN, AND PYTCHLEY PACKS.

21 YEARS' LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED.

CAPITAL HUNTING-BOX, comprising the fine old TUDOR RESIDENCE, containing: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc., in perfect order throughout; 8 loose boxes, more if required. Held at a low Rent.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,193)

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED.

"WOODSIDE," MAIDENHEAD.—A charming old COTTAGE RESIDENCE, on the riverside,

TWO MINUTES FROM BOULTER'S LOCK.

Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, 10 or more bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, housekeeper's room, and servants' hall; delightful old grounds of 11½ acres.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W.

THE SUMMER SEASON.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
ARE NOW RECEIVING
Applications for Country Houses
FOR THE
Summer Months,
and invite Owners desirous of Letting to communicate with them.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

WITHIN ½ HOUR OF THE CITY.
HIGH AND HEALTHY SITUATION ON GRAVEL SOIL.

"HOLLY HOUSE," BUCKHURST HILL.—To be SOLD, this attractive and substantial RESIDENCE, occupying a bright position on the

BORDER OF EPPING FOREST,

in well-timbered pleasure grounds of 3 acres. The Residence was erected and equipped regardless of expense, and is in absolutely perfect order throughout. The accommodation comprises:

Entrance hall,	11 bed and dressing rooms,
4 reception rooms,	2 bathrooms,
billiard room,	complete offices.

There is first-rate stabling for 6 or 8 horses, coach-house, motor-house with pit, coachman's cottage etc.; the grounds were the late owner's special hobby, and are very beautiful; they are clothed with fine ornamental and forest trees, and include tennis and ornamental lawns.

FINE ROSE GARDENS,
CONTAINING SEVERAL HUNDRED BUSHES AND STANDARDS,

kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.—For detailed particulars and orders to view, apply Messrs. J. A. and W. THARP, 9, Norton Folgate, Bishopsgate, E.; or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION NEARLY 700FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

SURREY HILLS (40 minutes from London, 1 mile from station).—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished on Lease, the above artistic RESIDENCE, which occupies one of the finest positions on the Surrey Hills, commanding beautiful views. It is approached by a long carriage drive, and the accommodation, which is on 2 floors, comprises: lounge hall with fireplace, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, tiled bathroom, etc., and the usual domestic offices; 2 or 3 more bedrooms could easily be added at small cost; 2 motor-houses; Company's gas and water laid on; beautiful terraced grounds of about 3 acres, tennis court, herbaceous borders, small orchard, paddock, and nut plantation, and productive kitchen garden. The property is in excellent repair throughout, and is recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (2,621)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones:
1505 MAYFAIR.
3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address:
"WALTONS, LONDON."

MAIN GREAT NORTHERN LINE.

PETERBORO' (3 miles from). — £2,750 will PURCHASE the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 18 acres, situated in a first-class hunting district; capital stabling; ornamental grounds, kitchen gardens, glasshouses, cottage, and pasture-land: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath-room, 3 reception rooms. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,364)

The beautifully appointed Residence of the late Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis.

Held on Direct Lease for 54 years at a Moderate Ground Rent.

NO. 29, PORTLAND PLACE AND STABLING.—This substantially built and imposing RESIDENCE will specially appeal to those requiring a Town Mansion in an open and notedly healthy position, convenient of access to all parts of the West End. It affords extensive accommodation and fine reception rooms, which render the house eminently suitable for the requirements of a nobleman or family of distinction. The exceptionally long LEASE can be PURCHASED by Private Treaty, but if not Sold, will be offered for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March 30, 1909, at 2 o'clock precisely.—Particulars of the Auctioneers, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

AT THE VERY LOW UPSET PRICE OF £1,700.

ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.—A particularly attractive and conveniently planned medium-sized RESIDENCE, occupying a quiet and open position in this favourite square, and possessing equalled facilities of access to all parts of Town.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

Will Offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March 30, 1909, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously Sold), the charming modern RESIDENCE,

No. 24, ONSLOW SQUARE,

containing accommodation eminently suited to the requirements of a moderate establishment, and held on Lease for a period of about 21 years at a nominal annual ground rent of £5.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale of Messrs. SLAUGHTER and COLEGRAVE, Solicitors, Clock House, Arundel Street, W.C., and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—£5,000 will PURCHASE the above exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well away from main road and motor dust. Magnificent grounds of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception rooms, winter garden; gas and water laid on, main drainage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes from station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,315)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

FARM WANTED TO BUY.

MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE are seeking for an applicant, who is well known to them, and is desirous of BUYING, a FARM of about 100 to 300 acres, with a moderate-sized Residence and useful farm-buildings; gravelly soil preferred.—Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

PETERSFIELD AND HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

£1,450, WITH 2 ACRES (25 acres available). — The above QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, MODERNISED, occupying a very pleasant position, with good views, and containing: 3 reception rooms and 7 or 8 bedrooms, studio or billiard room; stabling for 2, cow-house, etc.; good water and drainage; large tennis lawn; well-stocked garden; golf links in district.—Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,110)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, AT A LOW RENT TILL SEPTEMBER 1 NEXT.

HERTS (in a lovely district 40 minutes from London).—This old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas, and Company's water; ¾ mile from station. Or would be LET for shorter period.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

HANTS (close to one of the best stretches of the RIVER TEST).—To be SOLD, at a moderate price, a most substantially built, attractive, red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE, occupying a fairly high situation, a mile from a station, 4 miles from Andover; capital stabling, motor and coach-house; well-timbered, pretty grounds, tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and meadows, in all 10 ACRES: 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; modern drainage; excellent water supply.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,257)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD; high situation; fine views; exceptional golfing facilities.—This choice little RESIDENCE to be SOLD: 3 reception rooms, large hall, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, boxroom, and offices; pretty grounds, gardens and shrubberies of about 2 acres; small stable and motor-shed. Price, £2,750.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,210)

KENT WEALD (in a lovely district, a mile from a town and station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, with 1,000 acres of capital shooting, an old JACOBEAN HOUSE, standing in a large, grandly timbered park: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, oak-beamed lounge hall; stabling, garage, and inexpensive walled gardens; long carriage drive; no motor dust; high situation, good views. Rent, £175.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22 734)

TO POLO PLAYERS REQUIRING HOUSE near Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton grounds.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, the exceptionally attractive FAMILY HOUSE known as

STONE HOUSE, WEST HILL

(easy reach of Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common), with beautifully timbered and secluded grounds of 3¼ ACRES; first-class stabling for 8 horses, garage; house replete with all modern comforts, including electric light; 14 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large handsome reception rooms; 7 minutes' walk from station. OR THE FREEHOLD WOULD BE SOLD.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,981)

BERKELEY SQUARE (adjoining).—A delightful "ADAMS" RESIDENCE of an unusually attractive character, facing directly South, and enjoying an abundance of light and air.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

Will Offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March 30, 1909, at 2 o'clock (unless previously Sold), the exceptionally choice and compact RESIDENCE, No. 30, BRUTON STREET, containing some 11 good bed and dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 2 charming drawing rooms, handsome dining room, morning room, library, and complete domestic offices; garage for 3 or 4 cars; every convenience is installed and the sanitation is believed to be perfect.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES.

SURREY HILLS (in the midst of unequalled scenery).—GRAND OLD GOTHIC MANSION (as above): entrance hall (28ft. by 18ft.), dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), drawing room (27ft. by 25ft.), ante room (19ft. by 12ft.), boudoir, billiard room, gallery staircase, 18 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling for 6; 2 cottages; 70 acres; electric light; farmery; 2 lodges. — Particulars and price of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (13,832)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

THE SUMMER SEASON.

MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.)
HAVE NOW REVISED THEIR
Lists of Country Houses
FOR THE
Summer Months,
and invite applicants to send their requirements.

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

HERTS (in favourite part, 40 minutes of London).—To be SOLD, this lovely old-fashioned RESIDENCE with pretty grounds of about 6 ACRES, tennis lawn, kitchen and flower gardens, etc. (extra land can be bought): lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; lodge; gravel soil.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.
PRICE ONLY £4,300 FREEHOLD.

GUILDFORD (75 minutes of London).—Exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing on old site: 13 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 5 reception; stabling for 6; lovely grounds and land of 10 ACRES; excellent hunting.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.
PRICE £3,000. COST £8,000.

FINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.
OLD-WORLD GROUNDS AND PARK.

G.W.R. (in a lovely position, surrounded by finely timbered park and lovely old grounds): suite of reception rooms, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling.

OLD OAK PANELLING.

Well away from road and motor dust. To be SOLD at a very moderate figure.—Inspected and recommended as a really choice property, in perfect order, by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS.

SURREY (25 miles of London).—To be SOLD, the above picturesque, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty old grounds of about 1½ acres: large lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2, groom's rooms, etc.; 1 mile of station.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,816)

£75 PER ANNUM.—MID-DEVON.—Excellent sporting district; hunting, 5 packs; golf 1 mile; shooting and fishing; few minutes main line station; 3¾ hours of London. Attractive RESIDENCE: 7 bed, 3 reception, bath, and offices; stabling for 8; 1½ acres.—Agents HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BERKS.—To be SOLD or LET, Country RESIDENCE, with 58 or 100 ACRES: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing, bath; stabling; cottages; lovely, well-timbered grounds, lake, etc.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£100 PER ANN.—SURREY (near Epsom).—Most convenient RESIDENCE, 1 mile of station: 3 reception, 8 bed, bath; motor-house; pretty grounds of 1 acre, tennis lawn, etc.; gas.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENT (within a few miles of MAIDSTONE).—To be SOLD, the above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in lovely

OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

and well-timbered parklike land of about 22 ACRES: 3 reception, billiard room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses; small farmery; lodge: gas laid on.—Strongly recommended as a really choice property by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£800 WILL PURCHASE an attractive HOUSE in one of the best parts of Brighton (close to sea and St. Ann's); well-stocked garden: hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, housekeeper's room, and good domestic offices; every modern convenience.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,342)

IMPROVED FARMHOUSE AND 17 ACRES.
LEICESTERSHIRE. FIRST-RATE HUNTING.

£1,750, FREEHOLD.—A substantial old HOUSE, with pleasure grounds and paddocks, etc., in all 17 acres: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms; stabling for 4 horses; beamed ceilings; gas laid on; farm-buildings.—Box K 3,790, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS (close to Huntercombe Golf Course), 350ft. above sea level, on gravel soil.—To be SOLD, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, surrounded by old trees, orchard, and garden: 2 reception rooms, cloak room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and men's rooms; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadowland, in all about 16 acres. Would be Sold with less land.—Box K 4,006, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUFFOLK (standing on high ground, with good views; 10 minutes' walk of station).—To be LET or SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas and water laid on; nicely timbered grounds of between 3 and 4 acres; golf 2 miles distant.—Box K 4,178, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ARTISTIC COTTAGE. 2 ACRES.
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ADJOINING GOLF COURSE.
A RETREAT FOR CITY MEN.

SURREY (1¼ miles from station, 10 minutes from village, post and telegraph office).—To be SOLD or LET, an artistic COTTAGE, enjoying a high but protected position. Accommodation: pleasant hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. The cottage is designed for extension; the grounds of about 2½ acres include some nice old trees, tennis lawn, etc.—Box K 4,167, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired.—Particulars of H., c/o Box K 4,109, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR THE SUMMER UP TO SIX MONTHS.
450FT. ABOVE SEA. 45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TUDOR RESIDENCE to be LET, beautifully Furnished for the spring and summer. It stands in a park with lodge entrance, and contains: panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, etc.; stabling and motor garage.—Box KF 1,179, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HISTORICAL JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.
TEEMING WITH CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES.

45 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON (3 miles from a main line station).—To be LET, Furnished, for a year or two, or the Freehold might be SOLD, an unusually fine specimen of Jacobean architecture, with superb old panelling and Tudor screen, carved panel staircase, carved stone chimneypieces, etc. Accommodation comprises suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house and garage, etc.—Box KF 1,283, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

In a delightful part on gravel soil.
SHOOTING OVER 1,850 ACRES.

HERTS.—Furnished or Unfurnished, or would be SOLD, picturesque RESIDENCE, with 2 carriage drives. Entrance and inner halls, 4 or 5 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices, with servants' hall. 6 stalls and cottage.

FINELY TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

2 orchards, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc., in all about 7 acres.

GOLF LINKS 3 MILES.

Early possession.—Box HS 42, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

CLOSE TO 2 GOLF CLUBS
AMID PICTURESQUE SURREY SCENERY.
Easy motor drive from Town.

REIGATE.—28 ACRES. Near railway station. Lofty suite of reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, etc. Convenient stabling for 6, coachman's rooms, gardener's cottage, entrance lodge. Charming park of about 28 acres. Walled-in kitchen garden, range of glasshouses, picturesque tea-house fine old timber and beautiful lawns.

VALUABLE BUILDING FRONTAGES.

—Box HS 43, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St, E.C.

ADJOINING RICHMOND PARK.
On the summit of the Hill.
BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.
On greatly reduced terms.

UNFURNISHED, OR FOR SALE, secluded RESIDENCE, in gardens of over an acre, with tennis lawn. Gravel soil; S.E. aspect. 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, servants' hall and offices, fitted bathroom. Gas and water. Main drainage. Stabling for 3, and men's rooms. The situation is excellent, being opposite Coombe Wood.—Box HS 44, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street. E.C.

SURREY (L. & S. W. Ry.).—An exquisite OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE to be SOLD, in one of the prettiest parts of Surrey, standing in LOVELY OLD GROUNDS of about 4 acres: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room (40ft. by 22ft.),

GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK,

9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 3 horses, groom's rooms, etc.: cottage.—Box H 8,431, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDERS (Earls Colne).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds, well-timbered and shrubbed, gravel tennis court, croquet lawn, with parklike paddocks, orchard, etc., extending to about 7 acres: 3 large reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices, conservatory; stabling for 7; gardens and coachman's cottage; shooting over farm of 150 acres; gravel soil. Rent only £100 per annum.—Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 (3 lines)

F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT. 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

IN THE HEART OF THE PINE COUNTRY.

SURREY (between Frimley and Camberley).—To be SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, very secluded and surrounded by most picturesque lawns and shady paths; finely wooded carriage drive to house; 300ft. above sea level: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath, usual offices; 3 acres of charming grounds. Price, £1,900.
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,087)

QUAINT OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE.

HANTS.—Healthy position with splendid views: 7 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, studio (suitable for billiard room), numerous outbuildings; stables, tennis court, excellent water supply, sound drainage; good golf links within easy reach.
Price, with 2 acres, only £1,450. More land up to 27½ acres obtainable. Would be Let Furnished or Unfurnished.
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,358)

IN THE HEART OF THE NEW FOREST.

HANTS.—For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished, this exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, which has been
PERSONALLY INSPECTED.
Accommodation comprises: lounge hall with fireplace, 3 reception rooms, fine carved oak staircase, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 9 horses, 2 coach-houses, with men's rooms over, 2 cottages, etc.; the grounds of 8 acres are of a parklike nature; South aspect; gravel soil; golf links within ½ mile; hunting 6 days a week.
Price for Freehold, £7,000.
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street S.W. (U 1,016)

WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, built
IN HALF TIMBER AND ROUGH-CAST,
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LOUGHTON (Essex; about 30 minutes' rail from Liverpool Street).—Freehold detached RESIDENCE, situate on high ground, commanding charming views, standing in well-planned ornamental grounds of about 1½ acres: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bedrooms, usual offices; tennis lawn, ornamental trees, shrubs, fruit, roses, etc.; 7 minutes from station; close to Epping Forest. Price, only £2,300, or near offer.—Apply, Box G. A., THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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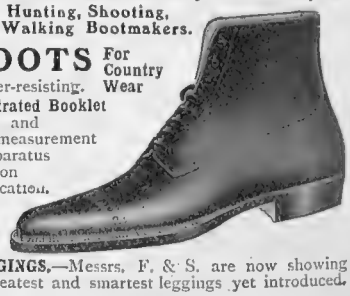

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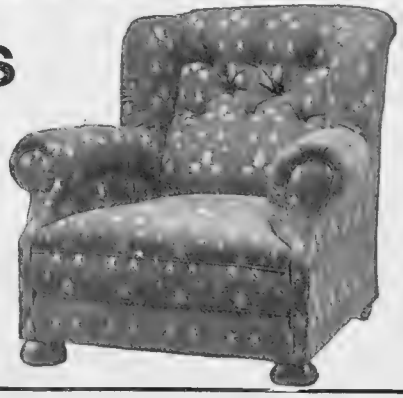

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The "Little Giant" Dust Extractor

Sir Hiram Maxim's "Little Giant" Dust Extractor is expressly designed to do away with broom and brush — sadly ephemeral things, as all housekeepers will testify—and, furthermore, what is of

At Messrs. Alfred Dunhill's, 2, Conduit Street: A Perfectly Designed Mackintosh Motoring Coat, with which is worn the Antelope hat

infinitely more importance, actually removes, by a process of suction, every particle of dust day by day. The results are manifold and marvellous, the chief, perhaps, dealing with the fact that, after the use of the extractor, there is absolutely no necessity to follow on with a hand-duster, as is inevitable when a broom is used, and flicks up at least two-thirds of the divided matter termed dust, while merely capturing one-third.

It will be clearly understood that the "Little Giant" is a hand-worked affair, and the reason Sir Hiram Maxim's patent so far surpasses its predecessors rests, additionally to lightness and general efficiency, in an ingenious form of pump that is moulded out of a single piece of leather, with no seams or joints, which entirely obviates the possibility of any leakage occurring. Or should the suction by any chance become closed, the fact is immediately communicated to the handle, which cannot be moved.

Naturally, so fine a piece of mechanism is not cheap, in the ordinary acceptance of that term, the prices starting at five guineas, a sum securing a 11-inch machine, with Japanned metal dust-box and cover, 8ft. of flexible metallic tubing, and one plain carpet collector, the various extras, such as curtain and stair collectors, costing a few shillings each.

Ronuk, the Original Sanitary Polish

In these depressing days of germs one is not only very pleased but duly impressed by the *Lancet* report on Ronuk as a polish of tested sanitary qualities. This famed medical journal, perforce, merely touches upon one of the several preparations, namely, the Ronuk liquid for cleansing and polishing parquet and prepared wooden flooring generally, but sufficiently confirms all that is claimed by its producers. The growing popularity of parquet floors is too obvious to need enlarging upon, and I, who speak to you, have a personal experience to go upon in respect of Ronuk, and can testify that, used diluted with a little turpentine, it produces a polish on parquet that cannot be equalled.

Ronuk, again, in addition to polishing, is composed of certain antiseptic materials, which practically take the place of ordinary disinfectants, and is also sufficiently cleansing to do away with water, consequently the pores of the floor are kept in a closed condition and incapable of secreting dirt and germs. A parquet floor, or even parquet linoleum, once put into condition by the use of Ronuk, is kept so for weeks by the daily use, if possible, of a weighted polishing brush, under which a piece of flannel is placed, dipped in the above-described turpentine diluted Ronuk. And, apart from its real worth, Ronuk is far and away the cheapest thing of the kind ever produced, since a very little goes an extremely long way, a plea, indeed, being made for a sparing application.

Then, too, there is a Ronuk liquid metal polish that is making steady headway not only in household circles, but in the motoring world, chauffeurs vouching

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for its complete efficacy applied to the brass fitments and accessories of a car. A ballroom powder, also, for acquiring a dancing surface, is pronounced on a par with the rest. While, lastly, the Ronuk firm puts up the very neatest little travelling companion, containing a tin of special brown and also one of a special black boot polish, and a small tin of metal polish. Truly an ingenious *multum in parvo*.

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A Woman's Note Book

Discomforts of Influenza

Yesterday, as I dragged out, shawl-bedecked and weary after influenza, I met many in my own condition. How well one knows them; how intimately one understands those shivering, pathetic persons possessed of coughs and backaches, with whom one has the secret sympathy of a similar experience. But, then, that is the worst of influenza. It is possible to have any other illness to oneself comfortably; and there is something attractive about being ill comfortably, having all the attention and the whole household at command. But with influenza you are probably just going to bed as someone else is getting out again, feeling aggrieved because you require their services of the nursing order; and scarcely have you realised that the fever has left you before you, too, in turn are expected to arise, weak and ill, in order to "look after" a new sufferer. At least, that is my experience. There isn't even any comfort in being the worst case in influenza, for nobody heeds you. All are too harassed, or ill, or lazy, or weary, to regard symptoms in others but in a very business-like fashion; while as nurses convalescents prove distinctly irritable. Then, when everybody is up again, the supply of shawls and arm-chairs and fireside nooks appear strangely inadequate; while it is impossible to have one's cough in solitary peace. Directly I leave off coughing I find someone else doing a feeble and silly and decidedly annoying imitation. Then, at last, when a little sunshine comes (this does happen sometimes) one flees from the house in the hope of escaping fellow-invalids, and being the one interesting convalescent just for half an hour—with, alas! the result I have described. No, there is no comfort, not one single solitary ray of comfort, in influenza. It is the cloud without the silver lining.

Weather or Persons Responsible?

I have been discussing with other convalescents lately whether you catch influenza from persons, or whether you catch it from the weather. (You see, when you have a thing, just as when you *see* a thing, you always "talk" it.) Now, as I invariably start influenza in my family, I incline towards the belief that it is taken from the weather (and I am sure one might take any evil from the season we describe as spring in this country). But I find all the other people who take it afterwards are inclined to discredit the weather theory, and do more than hint, in a manner that suggests they have received some affront, that persons only are responsible for the introduction of the fiend into an otherwise happy family. If this is so, why not have it in July rather than January—or March that is playing at being January? All woes seem to me to belong to the English weather, certainly all physical woes, not to mention that worst ill, "the blues," which is supposed to be a mental one. Professor Drummond used to say that the climate of these islands was so bad that he was sure they were never intended to be inhabited. Here is a beautiful excuse for the wintering abroad craze, though I am bound to admit that wintering abroad this year has been a dismal (and chilly) failure.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: DISHES MADE WITHOUT MEAT

Poached Egg and Macaroni

Break some macaroni up into inch pieces, rinse it well, put 2oz. of butter into a fireproof dish, put the macaroni in, and pour enough milk over it to cover it thoroughly, stirring it now and then. When three-quarters cooked, lift it out and put it into another dish, seasoning it well with pepper and salt, and pour over it half a pint of good brown gravy, then put it back in the oven again, and leave it till cooked. When ready lay some poached eggs on it, sprinkle liberally with Parmesan cheese, coralline pepper, and serve.

Spaghetti Pudding

Cook 4oz. of spaghetti for from twenty to thirty minutes in boiling salted water, drain it, and place half of it in a pie-dish, grate 2oz. of cheese (a good cooking one should be chosen), and sprinkle some of it over the spaghetti, slice four or five small tomatoes, and place them on the spaghetti, sprinkling them with cheese, pepper, and salt, and finish with the remainder of the spaghetti, placing the rest of the cheese on the top. Pour over this half a pint of milk, and cover the dish with a plate; cook in a moderate oven.

Stuffed Cucumber

Peel a large cucumber, remove a narrow piece from the side, and scoop out the seeds with a teaspoon. Fill the cavity with a forcemeat made of lobster and salmon, replace the piece, and bind it round with narrow tape. Line the bottom of a saucepan with slices of bacon, put the cucumber upon it, and then two or three more slices; cover the whole with nicely flavoured stock, season with salt and pepper, and simmer gently till the cucumber is sufficiently cooked, take it out, thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter, and serve very hot.

Curried Lentils

Fry three or four sliced onions with a little butter until of a nice brown colour; put them into a saucepan with half a pint of red lentils and one pint of water; simmer one hour, then add a dessertspoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and serve with boiled rice.

Artichokes au Gratin

Wash and peel the artichokes and place them in cold salted water, then put them in a pan ful of boiling salted water. Boil for twenty minutes. Take the artichokes out, and drain them, cut into pieces, then place them in a fireproof dish, covering them with a good white sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in a moderate oven and bake about ten to fifteen minutes, until of a golden brown.

EMILIA.

Tales of a Countrywoman

"One day last Summer," writes my friend the naturalist, "I was far out on the Moors, away, as it seemed, from the furthest fringe of civilisation—and I was woefully hungry. Coming at length upon a one-storeyed cottage, packed away in the shelter of a small coppice, I knocked at the door. After a minute, an apple-faced old dame came trotting round the house from the back. I fell aside, more from thankfulness than from surprise, for she was floury up to the elbows, and there was an unmistakable odour of baked cakes about her cotton gown.

"I may live to be ninety, but never shall I forget the taste of the currants in that good woman's girdle-cakes—nor the tales she told me of what the great doctors say about currants, and what her own great good man says about them, and what she thinks about them, and how many pounds she uses. Ever since that day I have made a practice of eating currant girdle-cakes whenever and wherever possible, and have found them the most satisfying, as well as the most delicious, of all cakes."

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The Editor's Box

Decorated Dinner Tables

Waring and Gillow have on view during the next few days, at their Oxford Street Galleries, a novel and artistic exhibition of particular interest to ladies. The exhibition comprises from sixteen to twenty completely dressed dining tables, embodying many suggestions and novel ideas in floral colour-schemes. There are also tables decorated in period styles with the lace, damask, silver, china, glass, etc., in the character of the period; and these examples include Georgian, Sheraton, Adam's, Old English, and other styles. By way of contrast, there is shown, in the New Art Dining-Room, a table with all the appointments carefully selected in character with the room, a feature being the utilisation of modern art pewter work. Nothing is exaggerated; the style is well controlled; and the impression left is one of an agreeable artistic quaintness. In the "Eighteenth-Century Room" the table is decorated with violets and lilies of the valley—its appointments being in harmony with the simplicity and charm of the room. "French," "Early English," and "Old English" are other styles utilised in these decorative schemes. The exhibition, both in conception and execution, is entirely novel and practical. It has already attracted an immense crowd of lady visitors, who have expressed their unbounded delight. A visit will show one that some of the schemes, although in such exquisite taste, are exceedingly simple and inexpensive.

Water and Whisky

A distillery may have the most scientific plant and expert distillers, but without pure water it cannot produce good whisky. It is the pure water springing from the heather-clad hills of Orkney that gives to "O. O." (Old Orkney Whisky) its great superiority. Smugglers of one hundred years ago made the old-time whisky, which is so much sought after, in the old caves where to-day stands Stromness Distillery, the whole production of which is reserved for "Old Orkney," the whisky which is famed for its quality, age, and flavour. The proprietors of Stromness Distillery always hold a ten years' supply in their own bonded warehouses, and as every drop is bottled by themselves, "O. O." Whisky is just the same, no matter where it is obtained.

Shepherd's Bush Empire

An admirable programme has been provided here this week, including, as it does, both Mr. Ernest Shand and Chirgwin, the White-Eyed Kaffir, comedians of such different humour. Others in the bill are Leipzig, the famous conjurer and card manipulator; J. L. Shine and Company in "Hogmanay"; Belle Davis and her piccaninnies; the Mayvilles, human marionettes; Kate Traill, at the piano; Tom E. Hughes, and Jeannie Mackay.

One of the Prettily Decorated Dinner Tables by Messrs. Waring and Gillow

Vegetable Butter

A remarkable cooking revolution is just now taking place. Butter, lard, and all animal fats are being superseded by a safe and hygienic vegetable product called "Palmine," which is a pure, wholesome, and economical cooking butter, made in England from the natural fat of the cocoanut. It has many advantages. It never turns rancid; it does not, as even the best butter is liable to do, convey disease germs; it brings out the natural flavours of the food that is being cooked; and it is more digestible than butter or lard, as it contains none of those elements found in animal fat that are the chief causes of biliousness and dyspepsia. For one shilling readers can obtain a sample pound of this new vegetable butter, together with a copy of a new book of cookery, which tells how to make many dainty and appetising dishes with the aid of "Palmine." You have only to send a postal order or stamps for 1*s*. to The Vegetable Butter Company, 6, Trinity Square, London, E.C., with a request for a trial packet of "Palmine," which sum will include a free copy of "The New Cookery Book."

"The Thief"

At the Broadway Theatre this week Mr. George Alexander's Company is giving *The Thief*.

Dainty Soaps

Dainty toilet soap is dearly beloved of all ladies, and toilet soaps that are absolutely neutral, refreshing, and which keep the skin soft and clear, producing a complexion to be proud of, will be especially acceptable to all our readers. We have found from experience that the various toilet soaps manufactured by the well-known makers, Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., who, by the way, are soapmakers to his Majesty the King, combine all these good qualities, and we should specially recommend those who have not yet used Messrs. Knight's toilet soaps to try their Natural Bouquet, which is delicately perfumed in eighteen varieties, and their Buttermilk Complexion Soap, which is so highly recommended by Dr. Forbes Ross, of Harley Street, the eminent authority in such matters.

Princess Alexis Dolgorouki

H.R.H. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki is at present staying at the Hotel Redcliffe, Paignton.

Acknowledgements

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